

The Western Witness

THE TRUTH SHALL MAKE YOU FREE

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ALL THE WORLD OVER.

Dedication of St. Joseph's Church, New Orleans.

ANOTHER NOTEN CONVERT.

Items of Interest From all Sections, Countries and Religious Orders. Readable News.

The authorities of the Vatican Library will shortly issue a record of recent discoveries, literary and historical, made in the careful examination of that library which is now in progress.

The Franciscan Fathers, who for ninety-nine years have been expelled from Cologne, have now been readmitted, and have been presented by several Catholics with a house which they will use as a convent.

The Paris correspondent of the London Times states that Prince Molesta, who participated in Napoleon's rising against the Pope in the Romagna in 1832, died as a Trappist monk at Algebelles.

Catholic services have been introduced at last at the House of Refuge, New York, under the Freedom of Worship act passed by the last Legislature. The board of managers voted for their introduction with practical unanimity.

All the reading circles of the Brooklyn diocese have been amalgamated into what is known as the Diocesan Reading Circles, of which the Rev. William Farrell is spiritual director. By this amalgamation it is expected that new force and life will be infused into the circles composing this union.

One of the sisters of an Armenian convent in Jerusalem died a short time ago at the age of 115 years. The official announcement of her death includes the remarkable statement that she entered the convent at the age of 17, and from that time until her death a period of 98 years, was never outside the convent walls.

It is a fact worthy of careful note and consideration that Cardinal Newman's hymn, "Lead Kindly Light," was a favorite of President Harrison's wife, and was sung at her funeral. That hymn was written by Cardinal Newman at a critical moment when he began fully to realize that he must accept Catholic Christianity in the one true fold.

The new Church of St. Joseph, New Orleans, La., will be dedicated December 18. His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons has promised to be present. The following prelates have also signified their intention to be present: Most Rev. Archbishop Elder, Most Rev. Archbishop Janssens and Right Rev. Bishops Fitzgerald, Heslin and O'Sullivan.

Twenty-three prelates, 500 priests and 2000 laymen attended the Catholic congress of Seville. The Archbishop of Seville presided. The congress, in an address to the Pope, protests against the abolition of the temporal power. The prelates present at the congress were presented to the Queen-Regent and her majesty to give a banquet in their honor.

The fortieth anniversary of the opening of the cathedral of Albany was celebrated on last Sunday. It is an interesting fact that of all the clergymen present on the occasion forty years ago only two are alive to-day. They are Bishop Conroy, then a priest in St. Joseph's Church, and Father Haverman, pastor of St. Mary's, Troy, and the oldest Catholic clergyman in the United States.

The Pope has sent a brief to Father Martin ratifying his election as General of the Jesuits. His Holiness refers to the late Father Ander-

ledy, and expresses his satisfaction that the wishes of the late General as to the choice of his successor have been respected. Leo XIII further expresses his love for the Order and his appreciation of its services to the Church and attachment to the Holy See.

The population of America has been thus classified religiously: North America, the United States, Catholics 12,000,000, non-Catholics 50,000,000; British possessions, Catholics 2,000,000, non-Catholics 3,000,000; Mexico, Catholics 12,000,000; Central America and the West Indies, Catholics 5,000,000; South America, Catholics 24,000,000; totals—Catholics 56,000,000, non-Catholics 53,000,000.

The praying desk before which Columbus knelt to ask the blessing of Heaven before setting sail on his perilous voyage of discovery is in the church at Huelva in Spain. The first thing that the Queen-Regent of Spain did the other day, before inaugurating the Columbus celebration, was to enter the church and kneel on Columbus' prie Dieu. Her Majesty remained in silent prayer for a considerable time.

Hon. T. E. Howard, for many years a professor in the University of Notre Dame, Indiana, has been elected Judge of the Supreme Court of Indiana. Professor Howard is the embodiment of conscientious adherence to duty, and his deep learning and mildness of character make him a most worthy member of the bench of a great State's highest court. He is a most edifying Catholic, uncompromising in all things that pertain to his faith and its practices.

The Mexican correspondent of the Boston "Herald," in describing the city and institutions of Guadalajara, speaks in the highest praise of the work which the Catholic Sisters are performing there in caring for the sick and needy in the charitable establishments, which, he says, contrast strongly, in the rule of charity that prevails in them, with the poorhouses of New England. The founder was a benevolent bishop, who ruled the diocese in the early part of this century.

The recent death of Archbishop Bonjean, the first Metropolitan of Colombo, recalls the fact that the Indian hierarchy of which the deceased was an eminent member, is one of the many that the Pope who now reigns has either established or restored during his pontificate. It is six years now since Leo XIII established the Indian Episcopate, on which occasion Monsignor Bonjean, who then held the rank of Vicar Apostolic of Colombo, became the first Metropolitan See of that name.

Each one of the 700 graves in the cemetery of the Most Holy Redeemer, at Baltimore, Md., was decked with flowers and lighted with candles on All Souls' Day. Men, women and children came and went, while many carried lunches with them and spent the whole day with the dead. At nightfall the candles sent up a pale flicker of light from each mound. The visit to the burying place is a survival of the former custom of celebrating mass and offering prayers for the repose of the souls in purgatory.

Baron Ludwig von Weber, a recent distinguished convert to the Church, is now studying for the holy priesthood at the celebrated seminary of the Benedictine Fathers at St. Meinrad, Spencer County, Ind. After he has completed his divinity studies he will devote himself to the American missions. On Rosary Sunday, October 2d, the illustrious gentleman received his first holy communion in the college chapel at St. Meinrad, and edified all by his most fervent and touching piety. He is a man of splendid attainments, and gives great hope for a future successful career in the priesthood.

CATHOLIC SOCIAL LIFE.

Are Our Young Men Inferior to Their Sisters.

AN IMPORTANT QUESTION.

Man's Want of Social Attainment—A Cause of Mixed Marriages—A Remedy Proposed.

This question is often asked: Why is it that Catholic young men are, as a rule, inferior to their sisters in cultivation and in those requirements which in our country, tend to the betterment of social position?

Nobody asserts that the young man is inferior in natural qualities, that he has less capacity for taking polish or less innate taste; but the fact is indisputable that the question is a reasonable one.

The truth on which it is based has been and is the cause of many mixed marriages. We can no longer pass over with a sneer the reply of the young woman who is asked why she does not marry a gentleman of her own faith—"I don't know any," which means, of course that in her own special Catholic set she is not acquainted with a man who is her equal in attainments, manners or taste. If one inquires, one will find that her brothers, whether they have had her advantages or not, seem hardly of the same day. The drawing-room is her natural place, though it would be a calumny to say that she is not at home in the kitchen.

They are not comfortable in the society which she prefers. They do not read; they are without social ambition; they are, in many cases, good-hearted creatures, who prefer to be rough and ready, and who tolerate in a contemptuous way their sisters' pretensions to manner and taste. If they are forced into the parlor, they are silent on all subjects beyond the level of ward politics. What they do not know strikes them as not only ridiculous but not worth knowing. They exchange glances of amusement and yawn when any subject above their level is introduced. Their manners are fifty years behind the times. The little graces which were formerly supposed to belong only to the aristocracy, and which are the flowers of civilization, are, thank heaven, the property of any American woman of taste, but the average brother of the average young lady does not think it necessary to adorn himself with these little graces. I once had the pleasure of hearing a dialogue between a very admirable bishop and a French nun. The nun's manners were charming, and the bishop's—nobody that knows bishops will believe this—were intolerably bad. When he had done something that offended the taste of the aged nun even more than usual, she said with a smile: "Monsieur is so good a Christian that he will not burn even a grain of incense to the graces." "Ah," said the bishop, penitently, "I was brought up in a family of boys, and at the seminary we were all good Christians, as you say."

But would the bishop have less offended the fastidious nun if he had been brought up in a family of girls? So the girls of a family have much to do with the raising of the standard of taste and manners among their brothers. The good bishop's humility was very touching, but was the implied compliment to the girls of a family deserved?

Every day of our lives we see the girls of a family refined, eager for mental improvement, desirous to cultivate themselves to the utmost and the sons in the same family boorish, of low aims, unintellectual, and seeming to be socially of a lower

caste than their sisters. It follows, then, that because there are girls in a family, the boys are not necessarily refined.

There you meet a young woman whose father and mother have been glad, under propitious circumstances, to educate her much better than they themselves were educated; then you meet her brother, who has had apparently as much done for him. Mark the contrast. She is disdainful to her brother's companions; he and they, though better "schooled," have not one-tenth of the business of their parents who had scarcely any schooling at all. We all know that "True hearts are more than coronets, And simple faith than Norman blood."

But a girl that prefers to remain a spinster rather than marry a man who likes to sit at tables in his shirt sleeves, and who has no sympathy with her love for books is to be commended. It is better not to marry than to be dragged down or to lead a life of reluctant duty. After all marriage is not the best thing in life, though it is one of the best, if all the conditions are propitious. If the Judge had married Maud Muller, Whittier might have made a ballad of despair rather than one of mock paths.

Still, the first question has not been answered. Why is the young woman's excuse for making a mixed marriage irrefutable as to the matter of fact? Are non-Catholic young men superior in acquirements and tastes to Catholic young men of the same social class? Not at all; but the sisters of the Catholic young men are raised by their fineness many steps in the social scale above their brothers, and they meet many non-Catholic young men equal in tastes to themselves.

One cause of the superiority of our girls is that the Sisters look after manners and the teachers of the boys do not. Anything is good enough for a boy. Another is, that parents do not make intelligent efforts to keep their boys at home. The girls have a piano, the boys nothing. And still another is that the boy's education stops short after he leaves school. But the girl's goes on through the books she has learned to love. There is no use talking against mixed marriages, or wondering why there are so many unmarried Catholic girls, so long as we make no attempt to elevate the boys. —Maurice Francis Egan in Baltimore Mirror.

IRISH NOTES.

The Rev. J. Tuohy, senior curate of Cashel has been appointed parish priest of Annacurthy.

Father William Buckley, parish priest of Upper Feakle, died recently at Clonfadda, Killaloe.

Sister Mary Vincent Carton died on October 25th at the Presentation Convent, Bagenalstown, at the age of sixty-five years.

Mr. Timothy Dwyer, an alderman of Dublin, died recently at the age of forty-four years. He was a member of the corporation about five years.

Lord Lieutenant Houghton has sent a subscription of £5 to the Father Mathew Statue Committee of Dublin, for the fund for the completion of the centenary statue.

Bernadotte Little, who lived alone in Waterside, Derry, was found dead in bed recently. Death was due to exhaustion, caused by want of proper nourishment and care. He was a member of the Papal Brigade and took part in several of the engagements, including Castle-fidardo and Spoleto.

The Rev. Eugene Sullivan, a young Kerry priest, attached to the diocese of Southwark, Eng., has been appointed pastor of the new mission which has just been established at Sittingbourne, near Chatham. It is now 300 years since a priest took up his residence in that town.

THE OLD WORLD.

As It Is Observed From the New.

ITS EDUCATIONAL SYSTEMS.

A Lamentable Want of Moral and Religious Training in the Schools of Europe.

The following interesting article, together with the views of Archbishop Corrigan appears in "The Catholic World" for December:

NEW YORK, November 28, 1892.

REV. A. P. DOYLE, C. S. P.
REV. DEAR SIR: I have read with great interest and pleasure the advance sheets which you have kindly sent me of an article which will appear in the December number of "The Catholic World" under the rubric, "The Old World as seen from the New."

The facts which you present so clearly and so concisely furnish a new proof—if any were needed—of the insufficiency of merely secular education. The experience of England, Australia, France, and Italy is a counterpart of our own.

It goes without saying that Americans are a practical people. Our national educators sincerely strive to obtain the best results. They are constantly devising new methods of exercising a still more beneficial influence on mankind. They shrink from acquiescing in even partial failures. You have done well, then, to call attention to the results of the recent Congress held in Folkestone.

My experience in this diocese coincides with the facts quoted in your article and I am sure your large opportunities of observation as a missionary, very fully and emphatically confirm the same conclusion. Begging God to bless your labors, I am, Rev. Sir,

Very faithfully yours,

M. A. CORRIGAN, Abp.

At the recent Congress of the Established Church of England, held at Folkestone, one of the subjects discussed was the result of the neglect of religious education (1) at home; (2) in the colonies, and (3) in other countries. Papers were read by men of large experience who had arrived at their conclusions "more Anglo from the practical outcome of the system. Many of the facts mentioned are too important not to be noticed. These facts form a striking justification of the attitude taken by the Church throughout the world—an attitude which has elicited from many outsiders who have at heart the moral and religious welfare of their fellow citizens the warmest tributes of admiration and respect. The writer of the paper which dealt with Great Britain quoted the testimony of Mr. Justice Mathew, who said at Leeds that the cases brought before him disclosed a lamentable want of moral and religious training, notwithstanding the attendance at school, the children in most cases are totally unconscious of any difference between right and wrong. A Sunday school teacher of thirty-six years' experience in Birmingham, and a member of the school board for fifteen years, wrote that the present generation seemed to be hopelessly ignorant of the fundamental truths of religion and the morals arising therefrom, and that the result of secular education is expressed in the one word "disaster." Moreover, workers in the great towns and east end of London declare that in the absence of definite religious instruction they can make no progress whatever towards civilization.

The state of things is much worse when we turn from England, with its long-standing religious traditions, to new countries like the colonies. In four out of the seven Australian colonies the system of education is purely secular; in two general religious teaching, as distinguished from dogmatic or polemical theology, may be given, in only one do voluntary schools receive public aid. In all

the colonies the school buildings may be used out of school hours for the purpose of religious instruction; while in two ministers of various religious denominations are allowed to give instruction to the children of their adherents during school hours, at a time set apart for that purpose. The result of thus regulating religious instruction to a place outside of the regular course has not proved satisfactory. The ministers who attempted to make use of this concession found that they could not even keep the children quiet, and that they had not the smallest influence over the general conduct of the school; in fact they were treated in very much the same way as the teacher of French is too often treated in our schools. The trial was too great for their zeal, and in most cases the effort to give religious instructions under those conditions has been abandoned. The children are growing up in astonishing ignorance, even of the small amount of religious knowledge which is included in a Protestant course, nor do the Sunday-schools succeed in supplying this deficiency. In fact, one of the things brought home by the experience which has been had of the practical working of the secular system in the colonies is that a very large part of the good which results from Sunday-schools in England is due to the influence which religious day-schools exert.

Consequently, unbelief and free thinking are so common and prevalent in the colonies as to astonish and even dismay visitors from the old country. This however would scarcely be deplored by the supporters of purely secular education; other results, however, which even these supporters would doubtless lament have ensued. The Bishop of Manchester, who was for many years a bishop in Victoria, applied to that colony a test, the legitimacy of which even the most advanced advocate of secular education cannot dispute. In fact, it is their chief argument for a purely secular education, so far as the state is concerned, that it will be sufficient to make good citizens and that that is all the State need care for. Now purely secular education has been adopted, and has been almost universal for twenty years, and therefore a fair judgment of it from its fruits may be formed. Here are some specimens of those fruits. While the population has increased in the last decade by less than one-third, the male criminals summarily convicted have increased by more than one-half, the number of persons convicted of murder and manslaughter by nearly two-thirds, and the persons convicted of robbery with violence are twice as many in 1890 as they were in 1880. The number of criminals has, therefore, increased out of all proportion to the increase of the population. Moreover, the most serious crimes are committed by the best educated criminals; in fact, while in 1880 only 74 out of 100 of the criminals were able to read and write, in 1890, 87 out of 100 were able. And this notwithstanding the fact that the managers of the government schools have introduced, as a substitute for the gospel, the Moral Education Book of Mr. Hackwood—a book consisting of a great number of undoubted moral truths, but which its author has not been able to present to the minds of the children with power and efficacy sufficient to influence and control their conduct. The bishop unites with the tribute paid by the Duke of Argyll to the action of the Church in the colony. He says: "If we except a small number of schools which, with noble fidelity, the Roman Catholics have maintained, there are very few schools of a denominational character which have been established to counteract the influence of the secular system."

(To be Continued.)
Blessed that home in which the newly-married couple dedicate their souls to Christ. Blessed the hour of morning and evening prayer, Blessed the angels of God who join wing-tip to wing-tip over that home, making a canopy of light and love and blessedness. It may be only yesterday that they have clasped hands forever. The orange blossom may fade and the fragrance may die in the air; but they who marry in Christ shall walk together in that day when the Church, the Spouse of Christ, shall gaze on the face of her Lord and King amid the shining of the golden sun.

Juvenile Department.

FOR OUR YOUNG READERS.

Are There Others like Charlie?

Charlie Holland, at your service. A well dressed, well mannered, pleasant faced boy. You feel sure you will like him. Everybody who sees him feels just so.

"His mother must be proud of him," is a sentence often on peoples' lips. Look at him now as he lifts his hat politely in answer to a call from an open window.

"Charlie," says the voice, "I wonder if I could get you to mail this letter for me? Are you going near the postoffice?" "Near enough to be able to serve you, Mrs. Hampstead," says the polite voice. "I will do it with pleasure."

"I shall be very much obliged, Charlie but I wouldn't want to make you late at school on that account."

"Oh, no danger at all, Mrs. Hampstead. It will not take two minutes to dash around the corner to the office." And as he receives the letter his hat is again lifted politely.

"What a perfect little gentleman Charlie Holland is," says Mrs. Hampstead to her sister as the window closes. "Always so obliging, he acts as though it were a pleasure to him to do a kindness."

Bend lower and let me whisper a secret in your ear. It is not five minutes since that boy's mother said to him, "Charlie, can't you run upstairs and get that letter on my bureau and mail it for me?" And Charlie with three wrinkles on his forehead, and a pucker on each side of his mouth said, "O mamma! I don't see how I can! I am late now, and the office is half a block out of my way."

And his mother said: "Well then he need not mind," for she did not want him to be late at school. So he did not mind but left the letter on the bureau, and went briskly on his way until stopped by Mrs. Hampstead.

What was the matter with Charlie Holland? Was he an untruthful boy? He did not mean to be. He claimed himself to be strictly honest.

It was growing late and he felt in a hurry and he hated to go upstairs. Of course it would not do to refuse Mrs. Hampstead and by making an extra rush he could get to school in time; but the other lady was only his mother. Her letter could wait.

"Only his mother!" Didn't Charlie Holland love his mother then?"

You ask him with a hint of doubt about it in your voice, and see how his eyes will flash and how he will toss back his handsome head and say:

"I guess I do love my mother! She's the grandest mother a boy ever had."

Oh! I didn't promise to explain Charlie's conduct to you. I am only introducing him; you are to study for yourselves. Do you know any boy like him?

The Mother Bird's Love.

"When my mother was a little girl," writes Miss May Wilson, "she lived in Virginia near the Potomac river. One bright May morning she mounted her pony and started for a ride with her father. Soon their road brought them to the edge of the woods near the river. They saw a thin cloud of smoke rising from the woods, and the smell of burning leaves was in the air. They stopped to watch the fire. What cry did they hear? Above them a fish-hawk is slowly flying and making cries as if she were in trouble. Near them is an old oak—its dead trunk covered with the stems of last year's vines—and among the topmost boughs is a nest. Round and round that nest flew the fish-hawk. Her little brood were in the nest and the mother knew that they were in danger. Swiftly the flames drew nearer to the oak. They seized upon the vines that hung to it. Quickly they mounted this light ladder. The twig of the nest caught the flame. The fish-hawk ceased her cries and flew to the nest. With her beak she pulled out the blazing bits of wood and straw. Long she fought against the fire till at last she saw that she could not save her little ones. What will she do now? There is but one thing left for her to do. She can die with them. So circling round and round, the mother bird sunk slowly down upon her nest, covered her brood with her wings and was burned to death. So sweet and strong and self-forgetful is mother love! My mother looked up and saw tears in her father's eyes. They turned their horses and rode slowly home. But the bright May morning had suddenly grown dull and dim."

Over Governed Children.

The girl that is never allowed to sew, all of whose clothes are made for her and put on her till she is 10, 12, 14, or 18 years of age is spoiled. The mother has spoiled her by doing everything for her. The true idea of self-restraint is to let the child venture. A child's mistakes are often better than his no-mistakes; because when a child makes mistakes and has to correct them it is on the way towards knowing something. A child that is woke up every morning and never wakes himself and is dressed and never makes mistakes about being clean, and is fed and never had anything to do with food, and is watched and

never watches himself, and is cared for and kept all day from doing wrong—such a child might as well be a tallow candle, perfect, straight, and solid and comely and unvital and good for nothing but to be burned up.

God Knows.

God knows what keys in the human soul to touch in order to draw out its sweetest and most perfect harmonies. They may be the minor strains of sadness and sorrow; they may be the loftier notes of joy and gladness. God knows where the melodies of our nature are and what discipline will bring forth. Some with plaintive notes must walk in lowly vales or weary ways; others in loftier hymns sing nothing but of joy; but they all unite without discord or jar as the descending anthem of loving and believing hearts finds its way into the chorus of the redeemed in heaven. Day is the snow-white dove from heaven That from the East glad message brings.

Who are the Jesuits?

If the Jesuit order were a revolution any society banded together for revolutionary purposes in the United Kingdom or a Continental vehemence it could not very well be subjected to more deliberate calumny and misrepresentation. A Jesuit in the eyes of every traducer of the sons of the apostolic St. Ignatius of Loyola is a political schemer, a domestic intriguer, or a wily assassin, who chooses any and every means to attain his ends. A Jesuit is as ubiquitous as he is dangerous. If we are to believe his enemies he may pose in the guise of a scullion or a Prime Minister, an ambassador or a mesmerist, a valet or a peer. He is all things to all men in his insidious hypocrisy. Quite lately there have been promontory indications that it would please the fanatics if an agitation were to be initiated against the Jesuits, and apparently Mrs. Besant is determined to give them the aid of her gushing oratory. But it has come to this we think, that Englishmen will never again become the persecutors of Englishmen for conscience sake. The Jesuit is coming to be understood. The cloud of misrepresentation and obloquy in which he was enshrouded is vanishing, and he stands before the world as the most zealous and fearless of missionaries, the profoundest of theologians, the most indefatigable of teachers the most accurate of astronomers, the most subtle of mathematicians, and, taking him all in all, the best and most unselfish of men. That is why the Jesuits are maligned.

The Enemy of Domestic Happiness.

The unity of society is the family; and the condition of this initial element of society vitally affects it. The enemy of domestic happiness, of domestic virtue, of the welfare of the child, perhaps most to be feared is intemperance. This matter need only be referred to; all of us have seen the house of the drunkard and the house of the sober man; here all order, cleanliness, propriety and decency and misery. No other argument against intemperance and in favor of total abstinence carries greater weight with it than the condition of the family, and we who are in the midst of the people and see the brutal ways of men towards their wives, the consequent separations and the neglect of the children, their absolute abandonment by their parents brutified by excess, would invoke any influence that could put a stop to such a state of things, and, there fore, it is that we are all glad to encourage those who try to gain over to the wholesome laws of sobriety or total abstinence any of the slaves of excess. But enactments and stringent measures are of little use unless the will be under the influence of religion.—Right Rev. F. S. Chatard.

What is Your Ideal?

What have you set your heart upon? Is it upon wealth, or position, or fame? Then let me tell you that you may pile your gold to Heaven; you may scale the giddy heights of success, your name may be heard in every street, and you may still have made a dismal failure of your life. Have you ever heard of a man who was happy because he was rich, peaceful because he had outdone every competitor? Never. The supreme lesson of history is this, that a dry crust with a clean conscience is more to be desired than millions of money with an aching heart. Let your ideal be to pursue and practice the highest truth, to master fully the Christian science of right living, and not merely to minister to your own vanity and selfishness by gaining a few more shillings than you can spend, or by intruding for positions which will bring you terrible responsibilities that you are sadly unfitted to carry. Let your ideal be to build up a manly character, and then everything will fall into its proper place—wealth shall be yours if you know how to bear it.

Success is full of promise till men get it, and then it is a last year's nest from which the bird has flown.

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A DREADED PIRATE.

BLACKBEARD LOOKED ENOUGH LIKE SATAN TO BE A BROTHER.

The Ferocious Robber of the Seas Had a Fashion of Getting Himself Up in a Hideous and Repulsive Manner—Story of His Successful Voyages.

Pamlico sound, now the haven of the storm tossed mariner and the home of peaceful industry, was once the theater of far different scenes. In the beginning of the last century its placid waters reflected a flag which struck terror to thousands of hearts and paralyzed the commerce of the New World; the thickly clustering vines and luxuriant growths fringing its shores concealed, like the original Eden, a hiding devil, the foe of God and man—Blackbeard, the pirate. From a strange tendency of human nature the life of the pirate possesses a fascinating interest, not only for the small boy who devours the pages of his half dime yellow back novel, but also for the reader of stronger judgment and better taste. Indeed some of the greatest writers have been unable to resist the fascinations of this wide and tempting field.

Sir Walter Scott, Marryatt and Cooper thought it not unworthy their mighty pens, and the genius of Byron attained one of its highest flights in the description of the prisoner Conrad in the lonely turret, baring his bosom to the midnight storm and defying the lightning of offended heaven to transfix him. Of all this unholy brood Blackbeard was facile princeps, as Milton says of satan, "By merit raised to that bad eminence." It was an Arabic tradition, relative to the great unknown Atlantic that the garbled and bony hand of the devil rose from out the waves of the sea of darkness to seize the presumptuous mariner, and in his diabolic career Blackbeard seemed to be the impersonation of this mystic monster. Perhaps a greater demon never prowled the seas or walked the earth in human form.

Even in personal appearance he was hideous and repulsive, nature having stamped him both as a physical and moral monster. The name by which he was known throughout the world was derived from a singular circumstance, which illustrates his savage ferocity. His naturally dark and forbidding face was covered almost to his fierce, sensuous eyes with a shaggy black beard, reaching below the waist. This hirsute adornment, of which he was very proud, and which he cultivated with sedulous care, he was accustomed to braid with fibbons and to twist about his ears until it stood forth like projecting horns.

Into the ends of these he stuck small, slowly burning fuses, whose sulphurous fumes enveloped him in a lurid hue and rendered him a not unfitting representation of the satanic ideal, whose character he so successfully emulated. In time of action he slung around his neck a scarf, into which were thrust three braces of pistols. Our readers, even those who are not endowed with Dantesque powers of imagination, and especially our feminine friends, can readily fancy the impression such an aspect would create when met upon the lonely ocean, with the black flag fluttering above his head and his merciless face lighting up with a gleam of diabolical joy as his helpless victims walked the fatal plank.

The real name of this man was Edward Teach, and he was a native of Bristol, England. Of his early career nothing definite is known. He first emerged from obscurity as a common sailor on board a privateer commanded by Captain Benjamin Hornigold, sailing from Jamaica and preying upon French commerce. In that humble capacity he distinguished himself by his skill and courage, which attracted the attention of his not over scrupulous commander, who soon intrusted him with a prize he had captured. In 1717 these two choice spirits spread their sails from Providence (auspicious name!) for America, capturing en voyage three vessels laden with wine, flour and miscellaneous cargoes, which they appropriated to their own use and turned the crews adrift.

The speed of their vessels being crippled by foul bottoms, they cleaned them upon the coast of Virginia and went in quest of fresh booty. On this cruise they secured the most valuable prize yet captured, a large French Guineaman, richly freighted, bound for Martinique. At this juncture Hornigold's avarice seems to have been satisfied, or more likely his heart failed him, for, taking the two vessels with which they originally sailed, he returned to Providence and availed himself of a pardon offered by the king to all pirates who should surrender in a specified time.

Teach, however, only emboldened by success, now assumed an independent character and began that career of crime which rendered his name so infamous.—Richmond Times.

Khedive and Sentry.

The khedive, oddly enough for an oriental, did not smoke, but always carried a cigarette case, and delighted in offering it and little presents of money to the English sentries placed on guard round his palace when first Cairo was occupied by the British.

The khedive was an early riser, and was in the habit of walking in his garden early in the morning. One day, returning from such a walk, he was stopped by a sentry.

"Yer can't go in here, yer know," said the man of war, with the Briton's amiable contempt for a fat little foreigner.

"But I belong to the palace," faltered the khedive, delighted.

"Oh, do yer? Got a good place?"

"Very good," was the modest response.

"Ah, yer look like it. Nothin to do and plenty to eat. I wouldn't mind serving your master. What sort of a feller is he?"

And then, alas, the sergeant coming along recognized and saluted the khedive, to the vast discomfort of the sentry as well as to the chagrin of his highness, who would have been glad to hear more about himself.—Youth's Companion.

The Cruelty of War.

An incident related in the biography of Sir Provo Wallis, admiral of the British fleet, brings home to the reader the cruel nature of war. It occurred during the war of 1812. An American captain had taken a fine ship to Lisbon, where she had sold her cargo for the use of the British army under Wellington, and received several thousands of dollars in return, which were on board.

Meantime war had been declared, and on her homeward voyage she fell a victim to the British squadron. One of the principal objects of her captors was to obtain information. The American captain was sent on board the Shannon, which afterward captured the famous Chesapeake—but was kept in ignorance of the war and of the fact that he was a prisoner.

He answered unreservedly all the questions put to him, and Captain Brooke, who greatly disliked the deception he had been obliged to practice, now felt it difficult to make the prisoner acquainted with the next step which must be taken. At length he forced himself to say:

"Captain, I must burn your ship."

The American, overcome by surprise, faltered, "Burn her?"

"Indeed I must."

"Burn her for what? Will not money save her? She is all my own—and all the property I have in the world. Is it war, then?"

"Yes," said Brooke.

Both parties were painfully moved, and the scene did not end without a tear from each, but duty was duty, and the prize was destroyed.—Youth's Companion.

A Feat in Writing.

John J. Taylor, of Streator, Ill., once wrote 4,100 words on the blank side of a postal card. This was sent to a Chicago paper, which heralded the story to the world as being the most wonderful piece of penwork ever executed.

As a matter of fact Mr. Taylor's effort has been discounted on several occasions. Beadle, the penman of Ottery St. Mary, Liver-pool, once wrote the following pieces entire, without the slightest abbreviation, all upon a piece of cardboard $3\frac{1}{2}$ by $5\frac{1}{2}$ inches in size: Goldsmith's "Traveler," "The Deserted Village," "Essay on Education," "Distress of a Disabled Soldier," "The Tale of Azim," "Justice," "Generosity," "Irresolution of Youth," "Fratricide of Man," "Friendship" and the "Genius of Love."

In the center of the card there was a perfect picture of Ottery church, all of the shades and lines being formed of parts of the writing. As a kind of table-piece he added the anthem of "God Save the Queen," embellished it with seventy-two stars, fifty-one crescents and nineteen crosses, finishing the whole by drawing a picture of a serpent which inclosed the whole of the miraculous production. If you wish to ascertain exactly how much Beadle's effort exceeded that of Mr. Taylor, count the words in the Goldsmith pieces catalogued above.—St. Louis Republic.

The Sultan of Morocco.

It is generally stated and believed that the sultan of Morocco, like the czar, is at once the temporal and the spiritual head of his people, but this is not quite true. Though one of his many titles is that of "guardian and commander of the true believers," this authority is very shadowy—at least as far as the Kairouin is concerned—and the sultan had an opportunity of judging some three years ago of the danger that might result from his interference in purely church government. For some reason or other he commanded that the mokaddum, or chief trustee of the university—an office which has been hereditary in one family since the death of the Tunisian Fatma—be dismissed.

This was done, but within three days there arose such an outcry and hubbub at the sultan's attempt to exercise unwonted authority in church matters that he very wisely bethought him to announce that in a dream the apparition of his sainted father had appeared to him and requested him to reinstate the mokaddum. The mokaddum was reinstated, and the sultan has never interfered again in the affairs of the university.—Fortnightly Review.

Injuries from Carbolic Acid.

Warnings are given in a German medical journal against the injury to skin, and even bone, which may result from the long continued use of weak—say 3, 2½, or even 2 per cent.—carbolic acid applications, especially upon peripheral portions of the body, such as the fingers. This effect, it is asserted, is due in a small measure to the action of carbolic acid upon the vasomotor system, but in the main to its destructive effect upon the red and white blood corpuscles.

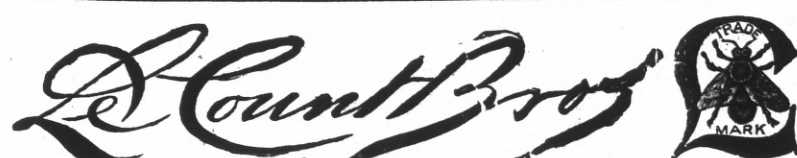
This induces, partly in a mechanical and partly in a chemical way, stasis, first in the capillaries, and, if the action of the drug be continued, then in the larger veins and arteries, with the result that the nutrition of the part is interfered with, and the removal of harmful substances hindered, the maceration of the epidermis caused by the acid favors evaporation, so that the gangrene is a dry one, a mummification, as it were.

An Anecdote of Renan.

Renan while traveling alighted at Naples. One morning a servant of the hotel came to him and said that as she had heard the preacher at the cathedral make use of his name many times, she would be thankful if he would choose for her a number in the lottery about to be drawn. "If you are a saint," said she, "the number is sure to be a good one; if you are a devil, it will be still better." Renan smiled and chose a number, but he never knew if the servant was lucky.—London Globe.

A Misleading Expression.

In a street car the other day two women were talking of a sick friend when a little girl sitting at the side of one of them interrupted with: "Mamma, what is the point of death? Will it hurt Mrs. Locke?" So many such expressions are widely misleading to the groping, literal child mind.—New York Times.



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An applicant must be of the Catholic faith, and between the ages of 18 and 35. A small initiation fee is charged, and the dues are 50 cents

per month. A member receives \$7 a week in case of sickness or accident. Upon the death of a member in good standing, his heirs or beneficiaries will be paid \$500.

INSTITUTE No. 4 meets second and fourth Tuesday, of each month at Laurel Hall, 32 O'Farrell Street, near Grant Avenue. James J. Deegan, P.; Fred V. Flynn, F. V. P.; William McGee, S. V. P.; J. H. Sullivan, R. S.; D. J. Ahern, F. S.; Peter A. Ryan, C. S.; John B. McIntyre, T.; J. Callaghan, M.; T. L. Mahoney, M. D., S. E. C. —H. J. Siedenber, Lewis M. Bannan, Joe Murphy, M. Carr, J. N. McLaughlin.

INSTITUTE No. 55, meets second and fourth Wednesday of every month at eight o'clock at Concord Hall Alcazar building, S. Russell, P.; D. J. O'Callaghan, F. V. P.; J. S. McCormick, S. V. P.; Andrew Oliver, M.; E. Les-tre, R. S.; A. Schmidt, C. S.; Robert Morris, F. S.; E. C. —Dr. Morris, D. F. Shea, John Kingwell, W. J. Carlin, James Mullen, S. D. McGovern.

Young Ladies' Institute.



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To become a member, a young lady must be of the Catholic faith and between the ages of 18 and 35. A small initiation fee is charged, and the dues are 50 cents per month.

A member receives \$7 a week in case of sickness or accident. Upon the death of a member in good standing, her heirs or beneficiaries will be paid \$150.

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INSTITUTE No. 2, meets every Friday evening at St. George's Hall, 909 Market Street. Mrs. G. Long, P. P.; 1223 Hayes St.; Miss Annie Potthoff, P.; 232 Van Ness Ave.; Miss Kate Turner, 1st V. P.; 544 Natoma; Miss A. Gately, 2d V. P.; 1326 Eddy St.; Miss N. Winter, R. S.; 735 Harrison; Miss Alice Leo, Treas.; 144 Hoff Ave.; Miss Kate Desmond, M.; 369 Jessie; Dr. D. F. Ragan, P.; 997 Market.

Young Men's Institute.

Conducted by STEPHEN R. O'KEEFE. Address Communications to 325 Montgomery Street.

The Board of Grand Directors will meet at room 28, Flood Building, on Tuesday evening, December 13th. A full meeting is requested.

The District Deputy Grand Presidents for city councils, recently appointed by Grand President Rendon will meet at the same place on the same evening. The object of the meeting will be to outline some line of action towards the revivification of the order in this city, and to assist the Grand President in furthering the general welfare of the order.

Pioneer Council No. 1 will hold its semi-annual election of officers on the 21st inst. There is a movement on foot in Pioneer Council to select the very best material available for this purpose, and a good set of officers is sure to be selected.

Wm. H. Gagan of Pioneer Council will soon lead to the altar a charming young lady of the Mission. Billy always was a favorite with the ladies, and if report be true he is to be congratulated on his selection.

Brother Bailey of Council 72 visited the Grand Secretary's office during the week.

Brother N. Starrs of Benicia was in the city during the past week, and just caught the tail end of the storm. He says it was glorious, but you should have been in Benicia to enjoy it.

Quite a number of the Y. M. I. of the city are going to visit Oakland Council No. 6, at their annual reception on Friday night the 16th inst. The committee of arrangements over there are making every effort to make this one to be remembered. Dick Hammond says Oakland never has such an affair as they intend giving.

Brother J. H. Higgins of the firm of Higgins & Rothkopf, manufacturing jewelers and diamond setters at 208 Sutter street, has designed a handsome Institute Badge at a very reasonable cost. An inspection of the same will repay you.

A choice assortment of rosaries, prayer books and pictures suitable for presents for children making their first first communion for sale by the Catholic Publishing Society, 113-115 Hayes st.

A large assortment of Watches, Diamonds and Jewelry for the holidays at very reasonable prices, can be had at W. Scheppeler's, 1071 Market St.

* C. L. A. S. *

C. L. A. S. No. 1 of Oakland and No. 11 of this city held successful donation parties during the past week. It is the intention of No. 8 to give a similar affair before Christmas.

Improvements are reported progressing at the Hotel Del Mar. For the benefit of those interested in charity work, the combined charity report of eighteen branches of the society for the past three months is here subjoined:

Total active membership, 783; honorary, 505; contributing, 264; number of visits to the sick, 422; to the needy, 421; Physicians' visits to the sick, 60; children found homes, 7; old persons, 3; persons furnished employment, 51; visits to hospitals, 100; to almshouse, 19; persons assisted, 507; families assisted, 179; pieces of old clothing distributed, 925; amount of reading matter distributed, 455. Expended for relief, \$1446.75.

The society has now under way a grand entertainment to be given after the holidays at the Grand Opera House, for the benefit of its fund for the poor of this city. It is to be a spectacular representation founded upon a part of the Book of Judges, accompanied by chorus and orchestral music written for it upon the lines. It consists of a combination of tableaux, pantomimic movements and choral dancing, done in classic draperies, made to suggest the ancient Oriental costumes. The spectacular part is under the direction of Miss Jessie Calhoun. In connection with this representation the societies are forming classes for physical training and voice culture for a term of twenty-four lessons, at greatly reduced prices. The training is given with special application to the entertainment, but those who take it are not bound to appear on the stage, unless they are willing to lend their services for the relief of the needy.

PERE DIDON.

The Pulpit Orator Who Has Written the Best Life of Christ.

Ever since the appearance, some twenty-six years ago, of Renan's Life of Christ, no book has moved more powerfully every class of the reading public in continental Europe than Pere Didon's Jesus Christ. The rapid and enormous sales of the work told merely of the deep and universal interest felt in it by the Parisians and by all France. The judgments of all the great organs of public opinion, no matter what their shade of religious belief, or their avowed professions of infidelity and agnosticism, were unanimous in declaring this new Life of Christ to be a production of transcendent merit, the fruit of rare genius, of long laborious research, of ardent conviction joined with the zeal of an apostle.

Some twelve years ago Pere Didon had been selected by the superiors of his order and by the late Cardinal Guibert, then archbishop of Paris, to fill with Pere Monsabre the pulpit of Notre Dame, around which still lingered the echoes of Lacordaire's incomparable eloquence. Even Americans may still remember, after the downfall of the MacMahon government, the triumph at the general elections of the anti-Christian radicals represented by Gambetta, Paul Bert and Jules Ferry. Then was brought forward by M. Naquet, a Jew, that law on divorce, which has struck so fatal a blow at the existence of the Christian family in France. Pere Didon then gave the Parisians a first taste of his oratorical power, by combating the projected divorce in a series of discourses delivered in the Church of St. Philippe du Roule. His success was phenomenal.

Instead, however, of pursuing a career which had opened under such exceptional auspices, the young preacher disappeared all of a sudden from the scene of his triumph. Burying himself in various houses of his order in Corsica and the interior of France, Pere Didon gave himself up, heart and mind, to the preparation of the Life which he has just given to the world. He spent two years in Germany, mastering the language of that country, studying the Christian apologetics and all the systems of anti-Christian scientific criticism, in the various places where Strauss had written his two Lives of Christ, where Baur, Soury, Ritschl, Haackel, Virchow, had elaborated their theories; and where Neander, Beyschlag, Keim and Bernhardt Weiss had written their defense of the Gospel truth. Two long journeys to Palestine, during which he visited and revisited every locality mentioned in the Gospels, enabled Pere Didon to cast the scene of his future narrative amid the very nature and the very skies which had beheld Christ growing from infancy to manhood, teaching, preaching, working miracles, succoring every form of human misery, up to His death, His resurrection and ascension into heaven.

A translation of Pere Didon's Life of Christ has been republished in England and also in America by D. Appleton & Co., New York. Louis Veuillot, the late editor of the Paris L'Univers, had written, as an antidote to Renan's peevish life of Our Lord, a Life not a little resembling in purpose and method the work of Pere Didon. As there ever existed a bitter antagonism between

Veuillot and the liberal school, to which Lacordaire belonged, it was not expected that Pere Didon's book would be warmly welcomed by Veuillot's journal. The criticism in which L'Univers indulges is, however, both hearty and conscientious.

This remarkable work which should be in the possession of every Catholic family, in every pastoral residence, and in every Catholic institution can be had on easy terms from the Catholic Publishing Society, 113-115 Hayes street, who have the agency for the Pacific Coast. Write for circulars, sample pages and terms.

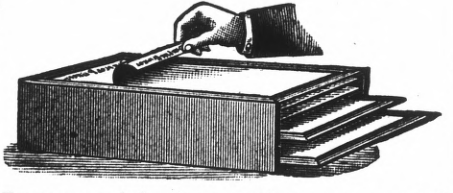
Enemies.

Have you enemies? Go straight on and mind them not. If they block up your path, walk around them and do your duty regardless of their spite. A man who has no enemies is seldom good for anything; he is made of that kind of material which is so easily worked that everyone has a hand in it. A sterling character—one who thinks for himself and speaks what he thinks—is sure to have enemies. They are as necessary to him as fresh air; they keep him alive and active. A celebrated character who was surrounded with enemies used to remark: "They are sparks which if you do not blow will go out of themselves." Let this be your feeling while endeavoring to live down the scandal of those who are bitter against you. If you stop to dispute you do but as they desire; and open the way for more abuse. Let the poor fellows talk; there will be a reaction if you perform but your duty, and hundreds who were once alienated from you will flock to you and acknowledge their error.

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Under the provisions of section 1862, Code of Civil Procedure, I will sell, on December 15, 1892, at 1 P. M., at the premises, room 24, No. 6 Turk street, in the City and County of San Francisco, the following described property, to wit: One (1) metal covered trunk and contents, clothing, etc., the same being held by me for room rent and storage owed by one Mrs. Harris or Jane Doe, whose true name is unknown. MRS. J. H. SLATER. San Francisco, Nov. 12, 1892.

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SATURDAY, DECEMBER 11, 1892.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK.

THIRD SUNDAY OF ADVENT.

Gospel, St. John, i, 19-28: John bears witness to Christ.

11—Sunday—St. Damascus, Pope and Conf.

12—Monday—St. Cormac, Abbot.

13—Tuesday—St. Lucy, Virgin and Martyr.

14—Wednesday—Bl. Andrew Babola.

15—Thursday—St. Florence Abbess.

16—Friday—St. Alice, Empress.

17—Saturday—St. Olympias, Widow.

FORTY HOURS DEVOTION.

Order of the Forty Hours Devotion in the Churches and Chapels of the Diocese of San Francisco for the month of

DECEMBER, 1892.

11—Third Sunday in Advent—Magdalen Asylum, San Francisco; Sacred Heart Convent, Powell street.

18—Fourth Sunday in Advent—St. Vincent's Orphan Asylum, San Rafael.

25—Christmas Day—Notre Dame College, San Jose; St. Joseph's College, Oakland.

This is the season of the year when those blessed with worldly possessions can prove their gratitude to God by helping the suffering poor.

The Christmas number of the WITNESS will be issued next Saturday. The same will be sent to any address in the United States for five cents. Send in your orders at once.

It is to be hoped that the Catholic young men and women who are wrapped up in the pleasures of dancing and take delight in attending every club dance given in town will give them up during advent and turn their minds to pleasure that is more refined and elevating.

The Church of San Miguel, Santa Fe, N. M., was erected in 1645, seventy-seven years before the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth Rock. Thus Catholic Christianity was established in the territory of the United States over three generations before the Puritans came. The Catholic Church was established in our territory before "the name Puritan was invented" to adopt the phraseology of Brother Kromer.

How would some of our Protestant friends like to hear Catholics talk of the Presbyterian, the Methodist, the Episcopalian, the Baptist Churches. Do they ever realize that they are guilty of the same lingual absurdity when they speak of the "Romish" Church? Return the compliment every time and whenever you hear a Protestant speaking of the Church in this foolish way ask him if he belongs to the Protestant Church.

PETITIONS are in circulation over the country praying Congress to repeal the law or that portion of it by which the World's Fair was to be closed on Sunday. We never were in favor of the Puritanic act by which a large number of people would be deprived of the advantages of the great exhibition so long as the mechanical labor was reduced to a minimum, and the sanctity of the day was regarded in attendance at divine worship. The petition should be generally signed.

ABOUT fifty young priests and nuns were consecrated at Einsiedeln, Switzerland, on the 27th ult. for special missionary work in the United States. The church was packed. The priest and nuns will immediately embark at Antwerp. The field of the priest's labors will be in Arkansas, while the nuns go to Oregon. Among the latter is a niece of the Bishop of Einsiedeln. Considerable interest is felt in the question whether the missionaries will be detained as immigrants. Owing to accounts that have been received, however, of the pressing need for missionary work in the United States and especially in Arkansas it is believed that they will be permitted to land without delay.

ELSEWHERE is presented an article from a gentleman of learning and who is an authority upon the subjects he handles, namely, the Church and the school question. A perusal of this article will convince anyone that the long telegram published in Thursday's local papers and purporting to be the synopsis of an address delivered by Monsignor Satolli, the Papal delegate, at the recent meeting of Archbishops in New York is without foundation. It is not yet time for the Church authorities to divulge what transpired at that meeting. The press reporters will busy themselves in their endeavor to gull American readers. The address made excellent reading, and no doubt pleased Protestants. For us, we just take those things with a liberal sprinkling of salt.

THE Homestead strike is ended at last. In loss of life and wages it is undoubtedly the greatest on record. So deeply have its results been felt that Mr. Reid, late candidate for vice-president on the republican ticket, attributes the defeat of his party to it. This fearful struggle shows to labor and capital the costs of strikes. Let us hope that this lesson will not be lost on mankind, and that it will aid in the adjustment of differences between labor and capital. It is not an exaggerated expression to say that civilization stands on a volcano. In Germany the Socialistic party is hourly gaining strength; and in France it is holding a very high head. What will be the end of it? Now is the time to appeal to religious influences to soothe the unchained popular passions. The demands of capital on labor must be tempered with justice and moderation before the masses break from the restraints of law.

A RUMOR was current this week to the effect that an effort would be made during the Cleveland administration to establish a Catholic legation in Washington and to have a Papal nuncio represent the Vatican in Washington. The story was discredited in Catholic circles and all doubt as to its authenticity removed by a cablegram from the Vatican saying that the report had not the slightest foundation.

"There can be nothing in such a rumor," said Bishop Keane of Washington when asked concerning it. "A nuncio from the Vatican is an ambassador. There are no questions pending between this country and the Holy See that would require the services of an ambassador. There would be neither motive nor reason for a Papal nuncio in Washington. The United States government would not receive such an ambassador in the first place, and the Holy Father has no intention of sending one, in the second place. The relations between the United States and the Vatican are exactly what Pope Leo wants and on the footing they should be."

EXPERIENCE has shown frequently that "brilliant foreign marriages" made by American women seldom amount to much,

and the latest instance is the case of the Duchess of Marlborough, who spent nearly a million dollars of her money in permanent improvements at Blenheim, and who according to the New York "Times" has already been served by the new incumbent of the title with a notice to quit. She will not be impoverished however, by the draughts ahead that she has made upon her income, as she is entitled to a handsome support from the estate.

This, however, was not what she calculated upon, and the sudden change in her condition must be a source of mortification and grief to her. English writers speak of her with a certain contempt and no doubt reflect the feeling in English aristocratic circles. American women who pay their good money for foreign titles in almost every instance speedily realize the foolishness of the investment. They get the empty title and that is all.

"TROUBLE in the Church" was the glaring headline in most of our western dailies, about a local happening in New Jersey. Such blundering blindness is amusing, but we would expect better from our brethren of the secular press because among our brethren of the press there are comparatively few bigots and there should not be such a lack of information—in fact of common sense. Surely they should know or at least should commence to make themselves acquainted with the difference between "the Church" of all ages and nations, races and climes and a simple priest or a "church" and its congregation in New Jersey. "The Church" extends from the eastern shores of China around the world as the sun goes by the west until you arrive where you started from, and embraces all latitudes from the arctic to the antarctic circles, including within it all nations and tongues. It is only through a want of thought that is inapplicable that "the Church" of 250,000,000 people can be mistaken for a parish or a city, or a single nation. If the local "church" in a New Jersey town or a state had no existence, it could have no effect upon "the Church" of all lands and tribes and nations and peoples—"the Church" of God. Of course the bigot blinds himself and will not see what "the Church" is, but sensible men should not follow their foolish example.

CATHOLIC EDUCATION.

The future of the Catholic Church in the United States depends under God, upon its parochial schools. Heretofore it has grown chiefly through the immense number of Catholic immigrants who have landed on our shores. That source of increase is falling off—falling off both in the intensity of its distinctive Catholic character and also in its proportion to the whole volume of our population. In future Catholics must look for the growth of the Church in the United States mainly to their own exertions under the blessing of God, and to their meriting that blessing by faithfully and zealously directing these exertions into proper channels and upon proper objects. It needs no argument to prove that if we fail to make full and ample provision for the religious education of Catholic children we will be derelict in the highest degree. Instead of meriting in that case the Divine blessing we will deserve divine displeasure and condemnation. For we will be guilty of neglecting and exposing to imminent danger of losing their souls the children placed under our immediate care—the Church's children, Christ's little ones. In saying this we are only feebly re-echoing and paraphrasing the teaching of Sovereign Pontiffs of the Church, and prominently that of the late

saintly and heroic Pius IX and of our present gloriously reigning Pontiff, Leo XIII. Nor can any other conceivable method be devised for accomplishing the desired result than a well organized and thorough system of parochial schools. The truth of this requires no argument to prove or enforce it. Constantly the cry goes forth from the Visible Head of the Church: "Make education more Christian." And not only are faithful Catholics heeding the exhortation and acting upon it, but even Protestants and thoughtful rationalists are catching glimpses of the truth that the secularism of the public schools must be corrected, or the rising generation will be morally ruined. They, in their own way, are urging that education must be made more religious, more moral. Yet there are those, we are aware, who do not heed the exhortation or who deny or question its necessity. But in their denial or even their questioning they shut their eyes to established facts and the lessons of experience, and also set up their personal opinions against the judgment of the Church's most sagacious, saintly and eminent prelates, and still more against the authoritative teaching of its Sovereign Pontiff.

THE Archbishops of the United States have issued a letter which is published elsewhere in this issue, in reference to the Catholic educational exhibit at the approaching World's Columbian Exposition at Chicago. It is worthy the perusal of all of our readers.

PARISH NEWS.

SANTA CLARA.

Wednesday afternoon the monthly distribution of class honors took place in the College Hall in the presence of the faculty. The members of the class of geology and organic chemistry added much to the interest of the exercises by a series of experiments illustrative of certain points of their class matter. At the conclusion of the enjoyable exhibition the Rev. President J. Pinaas, S. J., announced the respective dates of the beginning and close of the Christmas holidays, viz. December 21, 1892 and January 3, 1893.

The Sodality Debating Society held a pleasant reunion on Wednesday evening. The decision of the debate "Resolved, That the next Administration of the United States Should be Democratic," which had been concluded November 7th, was rendered on the merits of the arguments advanced in favor of the negative side.

The debate for the evening "Resolved That the Chinese Registration Act will Benefit the United States," was then opened in an able speech by Thomas Robinson for the affirmative followed by James Nugent for the negative and L. Carboni for the affirmative. The hour for adjournment having arrived, the question was held over for discussion at the next meeting when Messrs. C. Draghievich, R. Bullock and M. Mulcahy will handle it in their well-known effective style.

ALAMEDA.

The fair in aid of St. Joseph's Church, which closed last week, was a financial success. The net proceeds being in the neighborhood of \$4000. The following are the winning numbers:

Pioneer booth—China tea set, No. 152; mosaic clock, 17; milch cow, 256; plush rocker, 88; quilt, 197; orner for one dozen cabinets, 96; soft cushion, 28; silk suspenders, 5; silver solitaire tea set, 240.

Columbus booth—Set of silver, 52; set of carvers, 362; silver castor, 32; pair of blankets, 70; pair of portieres, 20; silver teaspoons, 191; ladies gold watch, 168.

Children of Mary booth—Commutation ticket to San Francisco for 6 months, 196; Twenty-dollar gold piece, 395; plush chair, 153; gold watch, 128; silver fruit dish, 83; manicure set, 134; bird collection, 12; neck tie case, 103; gold ring, 52; doll, 187.

Sunday school booth—handsome easy chair, 343; beautiful quilt, 94; music box, 25; oil painting, 77; bronze statues, 121; set of carvers, 148.

Ice cream booth—Handsome easel, 50; elegant tea cloth, 14; hand-painted screen, 63; model ship, 175; order for one-half dozen shirts, 31; case of fruit, 5; mosaic ear-rings, 12; ice cream freezer, 19; pair of blankets, 19.

Fish pond—Fine oil painting, 93; doll, 21; gold pen, 60.

Candy stand—Gold-headed cane, 15; beautiful doll, 9.

Soda fountain—Silver pitcher, 46.

OAKLAND.

Very Rev. Father Sasia, S. J., delivered a lecture on last Sunday evening at

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St. Patrick's Church on the "Mysteries of Future Life." A large number were present, and the entertaining lecture was received with marked attention. The collection after the lecture will go towards paying the taxes on the church property.

NOTES.

The fourth adult branch of the League of the Cross was organized in St. Francis parish last Sunday night, and a large number of men of the parish signed the roll.

Rev. Father Rousselon, of the Church of Notre Dame de Victoires, has introduced a choir consisting of about twenty-five little girls who sing French canticles during the nine o'clock mass.

Rev. Sister Angel Guardian, Superior-General of the Community of Sisters of St. Anne, accompanied by Sister Baptiste, arrived here on Saturday from their Mother House in Lachine, Canada. They are stopping at St. Mary's Hospital.

Charles McAnuliffe is taking a leading part in the formation of a male choir in one of the leading city churches. He has already secured a number of young men, with excellent voices who are practicing nightly in anticipation of their first appearance

Northwestern Notes.

A fair in aid of St. Mary's Orphan Home, Portland, closed on Thursday night of last week after a very successful week, over \$4000 being netted.

The Sisters of Charity in charge of St. Vincent's Hospital, Portland, gave the inmates an extra fine dinner on Thanksgiving day.

Right Rev. Bishop Junger passed through Portland last week from an extensive missionary trip in Eastern Washington. He was accompanied by Father Verhaagen who was lately ordained for the Washington diocese at Lourain, Belgium. The Bishop said mass at the Cathedral while in Portland.

The venerable Indian missionary from the Grand Ronde reservation, Rev. A. J. Croquet, spent several days in Portland last week, the guest of Rev. Father Fiers.

Most Rev. Archbishop Gross arrived in Chicago on Thursday and is expected home the coming week.

Rev. Father Siegl assisted by Rev. F. F. Gary and Diomedes conferred the white veil on their aspirant at the House of the Good Shepherd at Seattle on the 22d ult.

Your Family Physician.

The Rt. Rev. Bishop Fitzgerald of Little Rock is after those doctors who give to the dying opiates to rob them of consciousness when they are on the very eve of passing away to their final accounting and render them incapable of proper preparation for so important an event, incapable of doing so little as offering up one simple prayer for the salvation of their immortal souls.

Where possible our people ought to have Catholic doctors as the saving of their souls is often in some degree dependent on the moral conduct of the physician attendant on death.

The country is lyric, the town dramatic. When mingled they make the most perfect musical drama.

A Powerful Work.

Jesus Christ.

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has graciously esteemed the work of sufficient importance and value to contribute the Introductory Chapter.

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THE CLAP-TRAP OF PREJUDICE.

[WRITTEN FOR THE WESTERN WITNESS.]

The Voice, an organ of the Prohibitionist party published in New York, commenting on the resolutions passed by the Archbishops of the United States in their late important meeting unblushingly asserts: "It is an admission that secular education and religious education may be divorced and each carried on separately, one by the common schools, the other by the church schools." 2—"There is a well-defined division on this subject, Cardinal Gibbons and Archbishop Ireland heading one side and Archbishop Corrigan the other. The former have again triumphed and the resolutions are by plain implication or declaration in favor of allowing Catholic children to attend the public schools where expediency seems to demand it." 3—"Among other things it (the liberalizing process) seems to have developed on American soil in an unwonted freedom of speech and of pen even in the criticism of ecclesiastical superiors. In other words America is Americanizing the Roman Catholic Church much more rapidly than the Church is Romanizing America."

Three grave charges giving consolation that no doubt is father to the wish. It is but charity and duty to The Voice and others to show them that their comforting conclusions are but the fabric of a dream.

1—The Archbishops, the Cardinal, the Papal Legate, the Holy Father himself, cannot divorce secular and religious education no more than they can divorce husband and wife or authorize lying and stealing. Every child born into this world has an inalienable right to education; every parent is bound by the natural and revealed law to educate or procure education for his child. Care for its body, care for its intellect, care for its morals, care for its spiritual life, so as to fit the child for its temporal and eternal welfare are all included in the idea of Catholic education. The unanimous mind of the Catholic Church expressed during the past fifty years, by the Catholic Bishops of Prussia, of Austria, of Belgium, of Holland, of Canada, of Ireland, of England, of Brunswick and Nova Scotia, of Australia, of Mexico, of the United States in their joint and separate pastoral letters to the clergy and laity, proves there cannot be admitted by Catholics any divorce between secular and religious education. Pious IX. of happy memory and Leo XIII. gloriously reigning, have very explicitly stated the same. The latter under date of June 27, 1878, writes: "He who in the education of youth neglects the will and concentrates all his energies on the culture of the intellect, succeeds in turning education into a dangerous weapon in the hands of the wicked." And again, Feb. 8, 1884, "It is of utmost importance that the offspring of Christian marriage should be thoroughly taught the precepts of religion and that those arts by which the young are formed for human society be inculcated in conjunction with religious doctrine. To disjoin them would be tantamount to desiring that youthful hearts should become indifferent to their duties to God."

Surely The Voice must see that its divorce theory cannot be deduced from the Archbishops' resolutions. They read very plainly. The clergy are urged to push on with the erection of parochial schools as ordered by the last council of Baltimore so that we may have ample school accommodation for our people. Again, scattered as Catholics are throughout this great country, it often happens our children must be suffered (tolerari) to attend the public school as none other exists. Or on similar sufrance children may go to non-Catholic schools, if there be not danger to faith or morals, should the parochial school not afford intellectual training suitable to their condition. It also happens that some parents notwithstanding the prescriptions of the church do send their offspring to the public schools. Hence with true Catholic charity the Archbishops resolve that greater zeal and vigilance shall be exercised by parents and clergy in instructing and training religiously children so circumstanced. How The Voice can see in this a "plain implication to allow Catholic children to attend public schools," surpasses our comprehension.

2—Beyond all doubt there is a well-defined division among the Archbishops on the school question. Catholics do not deny it, but they look in wondering astonishment at the character given it by outsiders. There is no difference as to the nature of Catholic education nor of the obligation to impart it, for the Archbishops named all agreed and formulated the decrees on this matter in the Council of Baltimore, 1884. The sole difference is to ways and means of working efficiently and giving as little offense as possible. St. Paul withstood Cephas to the face and yet they were laboring in the same cause. The method of the Beloved Disciple was not that of the ery zeal of the Apostle of the Gentiles, yet both were in union. So has it ever been among the laborers of Holy Church some winning souls by apostolic knocks and blows, others by sweetness and gentleness like Francis of Sales, the canonized Bishop of Geneva. He would playfully remark "more flies are caught with honey than with vinegar." So with the

zealous dignitaries of the United States, their individuality is shown in their work without detriment to their Christian unity. So far in a general way. In the instance before us there was not even this diversity. Archbishop Corrigan narrates to his assembled priests: "I can say with pleasure that on the parochial school question the archbishops were so much in harmony that not one dissenting voice was heard. The Papal representative, Mgr. Satolli gave the key note. . . . The prelates were of one mind on the question. It has been said that we condemned or scored the public schools. This is not true. They are not under our jurisdiction."

3—How "America is Americanizing the Roman Catholic Church is plainly seen by The Voice. To us this is undeniable. It takes them but a short time to assimilate with Americans. Freedom of speech, a readiness to enquire and criticize, a republican way of showing and receiving courtesy, do find their way into the relations of clergy and laity. Delivered as many of our Catholic immigrants are from something akin to persecution and from poverty, it is pardonable that they should be plus roi que le roi in asserting their new patriotism. But allowance for all these outward manifestations, we have ever found the Catholics of the state fond of their faith in all its fulness and devoted to the Pope of Rome.

The Voice if it will remember that Catholics believe all power to be of God, but determined in a republic by the voice of the people and that obedience for conscience' sake must be rendered; if it will remember that we above all wish to bring our children up in truth, honesty, purity, obedient to legitimate authority, charitable to mankind, all of which we believe can only be done by the teaching and practices of Christianity; if it will remember that we abate not one iota in the present standard of intellectual culture for our children; if this be remembered then The Voice and its congenitors will realize that our schools will train a worthy generation of true patriots.

No one can charge the National English Episcopalian Church in Great Britain with want of patriotism. Yet it is in line with the Roman Catholics of the British Isles in having its own parochial schools and declining to have its children go to the Board Schools—the non-sectarian public schools, called into existence by the non-Conformists and Radicals.

Something Worth Reading.

The Catholic Publication Society Company of New York has issued its illustrated Catholic Family Almanac for 1893 with calendars calculated for different parallels of latitude and adopted for use throughout the United States. It is a beautifully illustrated little hand book, but if its calendar of feast days is no more correct than the lists of archbishops and bishops throughout the United States, its readers will have considerable difficulty in finding the feasts of the various saints.

A judicious alteration of attraction each week keeps crowded houses nightly at the Grove Street Theatre. After the thrilling and sombre lines of Richard III, the quaint and delightful humor of Our Boys gave a very agreeable change. John Jack, the star of the present week, is too well and favorably known to need any praise for his acting. His work is always finished, and he was ably supported by the regular company. Next week the thrilling melodrama "Neck and Neck" is billed. The new gallery is now completed and affords a slight relief to the number desiring seats each night. If the present run keeps up the theatre will have to be still further enlarged.

DONAHOE'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE for December is full of interesting articles. There are three articles on the Columbian Celebration; Portrait of Hon. Ed. Blake with a history of his life and an account of his visit to Boston. He has left for England to be present at the opening of Parliament; Rev. John Halpin on the Irish Crisis; the interesting tale of the Music Master's Daughter is concluded; A Glance at Ireland's Poets and Poetry; The Existence of God, by Rev. James McKernan; Specifics for the Cure of Inebriety; La Trappe in the United States; The Pioneer Woman of California; Married Women in Society; When Ireland was a Nation; a story of an old Christmastide, and Christmas stories for children. These are but a few of the various articles in the December issue. \$2 a year, \$1 for six months. Now is the time to subscribe. Sample copies sent gratis. Address DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE, Boston, Mass.

Mr. Donahoe returns his sincere thanks to his numerous friends of the Catholic and non-Catholic press for their more than generous notice of his magazine.

The Teeth.

If you are unfortunate enough to need the services of a dentist why not go to a first class one, Dr. T. H. Morris of 47 Post street, corner Kearny, is one of the very best.

Catholic Educational Exhibit.

The following letter from the Most Reverend Archbishops, at their recent meeting in New York City, is worthy of the attention of all interested in Catholic education:

NEW YORK CITY, N. Y., Nov. 18, 1892.
To the Clergy and Catholic Laity of the United States.

REVEREND FATHERS, DEAR BRETHREN—The Superiors and Directors of our schools have begun the preparatory work for holding a Catholic Educational Exhibit at the Columbian Exposition and we have received assurance from them that ample material will be provided to illustrate our educational work and methods. The holding of this Educational Exhibit involves a considerable outlay of money. The various institutions which take part in the exhibit will, it is true, bear a portion of the expense, but if the project is to be entirely successful, we must have a fund upon which we may draw to provide whatever may be necessary to make the exhibit worthy of our zeal and labors in the cause of Christian education. The secretary and manager must receive pay for his work, a bureau of information, with salaries clerks must be kept; circulars, pamphlets and catalogues must be published and distributed, and the rooms in which the exhibit will be placed must be adorned and made attractive. It is also the intention to make a complete collection of all books written in English by Catholic authors, and to publish a souvenir volume giving a history of Catholic education in the United States. In fact the managers are anxious to make this exhibit so complete and so interesting that it will become and remain a memorable event in the history of American Catholic education.

But to do this they must have sufficient means at their disposal and since this is a private enterprise they are compelled to appeal to the Catholic clergy and laity to come to their aid. The Holy Father has sent his apostolic blessing to all who take part in the work and we feel confident that arguments are not needed to induce the Catholic clergy to contribute what will be amply sufficient to make our Catholic Educational Exhibit, which will be the only distinctively Catholic feature in the World's Fair, one of its most important and valuable departments. Not in our day shall we again have such an opportunity to bring our educational work which is so intimately associated with all our highest interests as Catholics and Americans, to public attention and inspection. For multitudes this exhibit will be the standard, whereby they will measure the worth and efficiency of our system and methods. Let no one remain indifferent where such interests are involved. If the exhibit is what we have reason to believe it will be, it will awaken new zeal, and give a fresh impulse to the cause of Catholic education in the United States. We confidently believe that this appeal will meet with a generous response from rich and poor, and that multitudes of the faithful shall have the satisfaction to know that they have part in this work.

Contributions may be sent to Right Rev. J. L. Spalding, President Catholic Educational Exhibit, N. E. corner 35th street and Wabash avenue, Chicago, Ill. Signed by James Cardinal Gibbons, Archbishop of Baltimore, and archbishops of the United States.

In view of the fact that Sir Edwin Arnold will be very likely to be the next poet-laureate, one turns with interest to his most entertaining article in the December Cosmopolitan on a "Japanese Watering Place." The same number contains seven portraits of Tennyson and interesting views of his late home and surroundings. Thos. Gorman has penetrated the mysteries of the silent trappists' monastery with a profane kokak; Murat Halstead discusses "Varieties of American Journalism; Hermann throws "Light on the Black Art," and Theodore Roosevelt and Maurice Thompson each contribute interesting articles. A feature of the number is twenty-four portraits of Parisian journalists with sketches of their work. A curious bit is found in the contrast of the double frontispieces which adorn the magazine—one on one side the marvelous painting of "The Conquerors," by Fritel, which attracted so much attention at the last Paris salon, and on the other "The Conquered," by Anton Dietrich; in the one the heroes of war moving down the vista of the centuries in magnificent array between ghastly lines of naked corpses, the other the unfortunate of all times and lands flocking beneath the gentle hand of the loving Christ.

There is but one thing you have to fear on earth or in Heaven—being untrue to yourself, and therefore untrue to God. If you will not do the thing you know to be true, then, indeed, you are weak. You desert God, and therefore cannot expect Him to stand by you.

A CHILD ENJOYS

The pleasant flavor, gentle action and soothing effect of Syrup of Figs, when in need of a laxative, and if the father or mother be constipated or bilious the most gratifying results follow its use; so that it is the best family remedy known and every family should have a bottle.

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A POETIC POPE.

Leo XIII. has a Collection of His Poems Ready for Publication.

M. Banoist gives in the Paris Temps an account of the Pope as the author of poetry. He is quoted by the Paris correspondent of the Daily News thus: As the audience drew to an end, the Pope went to a marble console that was behind his chair, and taking from beside an ebony crucifix a little case, handed it to me saying with a smile: "You wished to see a collection of my poems. Here it is but not complete. The other volume will not be ready before the end of October."

When I was in the anteroom I opened the case which was of cardboard and found a volume in a white binding, with delicate gold ornaments. Near the edge and in the centre were the Papal arms in old gold. The back was in moiré silk. The Papal arms were repeated on the fly leaf and there was also a poor portrait of the Holy Father.

This volume is No. 12 of a second edition by Udine, of which but a hundred copies were printed by the presses of the Committee of Patronage for Catholic youths. It was beautifully gotten up and the vignettes and ornamental letters were simply exquisite. They were faintly tinted, some in blue, or rose, or green, or slightly silvered. It was just the book in which a poet might long to have his thoughts presented to the world. A preface by Enrico Valle of the Order of Jesus says: "The character of the Pope's verse is Virgilian, not only in the Latin tongue being employed and in the manner in which the phrase is managed, but in its sensibility, the nobleness of the choice of subjects and ideas. It is suave elegant, easy and has the Virgilian rhythm. The Pope deals with Latin as with his mother tongue. His epigrammatic poems are light, lively and strike where they ought. They are well winged but they have not poisoned barbs. The Pope as a satirist and wit brings balm to the wound he inflicts."

One of the verses has this subject: A youth asked one day for an audience, and avowed that his life had been too free for virtue. The Holy Father advised him to retire to a monastery for some time and to barish from his mind every thought that could defile it. This is a prose rendering of what he wrote: "Flourish, my child, a furious fever burns you, a foul plague softens your body and your soul. You have been drinking and without shame of an infernal and poisonous cup. It is the cup of Circe. It evokes in your mind images of animal bestiality. If you care to be saved fly from the siren's song and from the inhospitable shore. Take good courage and flight temptation while fleeing from it. If you do God will fight for you and look on you with a favorable eye. Already the hideous serpent full of rage at the prospect of defeat, plunges into the black waters of the Styx. Florius, my son, be saved."

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If you love the people of God sign the pledge; for drunkenness is the worst enemy the true faith has this day to contend with.

Prayer and practice should be inseparable. God does not force his gifts on any on they are to be asked for and cultivated. He sows the seed, we till the ground.

If you have the good of society at heart touch not the intoxicating glass, for most of the evils we have to deplore in our social and political life are the progeny of this prolific mother vice—intemperance.



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I had been ill for eighteen months with weakness and terrible nervousness when I commenced taking your medicine, Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic, and I often pray for Pastor Koenig, as I think I could not have lived without this medicine. The people here have seen the good which I derived from it, and Rev. Father Gulligan recommends it so highly that it is now getting very popular. JULIA AGNEW, TYNDAL, FREEDPORT, ILL., Oct. 26, 1893.

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EARTHLY VAUERS.

When heavily upon thee weigh the cares
Of earth, and into dull despair
Thy struggling spirit falls;
When thronged with trifling troubles, pressed
With wrongs,
Thy soul's free pinions flag and fall
Until for help it calls:
When thy full ear can only hear the din
Of eager struggles for earth's dross—
Deaf to the melody
That lives in voices loved of many years—
Come then and lay thy duties down
Till thou thy spirit free.
Then rest upon the kindly lap of earth
And watch the fleecy clouds sweep o'er
The sky's extended blue;
Drink deep of nature's calm content, and let
Thy soul beneath his tender grace,
Who all thy failures knew!
The heavy load, the dull depression lay
Thou at the Master's feet, and he
Will bless and comfort thee;
Trust thou in him and he will bear thy load
And thee out of the wilderness,
And thy protection be.
—Mary H. Dongline in Good Housekeeping.

A BUSINESS WOMAN.

Fields gave a crouchy chuckle. She had passed young Paxton without returning his bow. There could be no doubt of it, for Fields had seen the whole proceeding from the moment when she turned the corner, the stiff river breeze blowing about her face certain stray locks of the soft, short hair under her beaver hat.

She had looked very sweet to Fields, coming in sight against the tall Cumberland cliffs. It seemed to him that she had been smiling, but he surmised this from the change which struck across her face upon passing Paxton's store. Her very coat collar stood about her ears aggressively, and though Fields was not commonly given to humorous perceptions of things, he saw in his daughter's small human assumption of arrogance a certain incongruity with the bleak hills hedging the town, their tops flat, as if they had crouched to keep their bald heads from striking the hard autumnal sky.

"Look like that's some things that feller ain't gittin', if trade is a whoopin' his way," considered Fields, staring toward Paxton's store, which occupied the river corner just above the landing at which Nashville boats stopped on their way to the head of navigation. It was a new building, that store, which in Fields' old age had risen to place his own commercial merits in the eye of scorn. Among the weathered cottages of the town its yellow walls rose with great dignity, its clean window glass with pyramids of tomato cans festooned in bright prints and cotton laces.

With so many odds in his favor it was natural enough that things should be going Paxton's way. His way, indeed, meant radicalism and reform, and all the rash ventures of young blood and unlicked ideas. The village at first blush had fought very shy of Paxton. He was from "up north," he advertised; he was good looking, a yellowish mustache barring his face like a streak of sunshine. The town decided against taking stock in so insidious a combination.

Paxton, however, kept right on. It was a good point for country and river trade. Fields had made money, apparently by strictly natural methods and without the vaguest effort.

His store included the postoffice and stood some forty paces above Paxton's. Time had breathed long and asthmatically upon the window panes of Fields' store, effectually concealing the fact of dust on the commodities behind it. Inside were some boxes and barrels, an odor of tobacco, a potbellied stove and Fields himself, a slow man in his fifties.

With these superannuated attractions Paxton felt that he could scarcely fail of successful competing, if only he could hold out long enough to win the town's confidence. But confidence is not an easy thing to win in a Kentucky town in which the war is considered as barely over and freshly discussable.

It took Paxton several months to down the native conservatism, but once the first weariness of the burgers was overcome, they gave way on a sudden to the delight of getting better things for less money than Fields had charged, and Paxton found an unexpected victory in his plumes.

Fields took his defeat calmly. He took everything, even his whisky and water, in that way. He seemed to lack capacity of any kind of action, and it was a common wonder as to where that girl of his, that Louisa M., got her spirit. For her spirit commanded instant recognition. Fields himself stood in awe of it, and as Louisa M. rushed up the store steps he drew back with a sense of impending unpleasantness.

"Say, Louisa M.," he broke out in a conciliating tone, "I saw yeh give Paxton the go by. You're kinder hard on him, ain't yeh?"

The girl flung her soft hat on the counter and plunged into a chair.

"Oh," she said, "pappy—I've just been down to see the new boat land. They sent an order to him for something they'd run out of. I can't stand it. I won't—that man coming down here and taking everything and doing you out of your rights, and—oh!" She gasped a little, tossing her hair with an excited hand, her eyes strangely blue in the darkness of her vivid little face.

Fields' jaw assumed an amiable laxity. "Don't take on so," he said. "I ain't got nobody but you, and I reckon I got enough laid by to keep us. I'd kindah like to quit business anyhow and hev a gyarden and raise things. 'Course I s'pose to see my old friends a-chasin into Paxton's store, but I ain't a-complainin. He keeps ez good a grade o' tobacco ez ever I smoked after, and sells it reasonable."

His daughter flashed around a startling glance. "I am going to stop all this," she said. "Yes, pappy, I am not going to stand it. I won't see you trampled on. He may be 'smart'—that Paxton. So am I. I've got as much natural wit as he any day of the world. I will show him!" She held out a rigid little hand.

"Do you know the last mean trick he's been up to? He's had his name painted along all the pike fences and cliffs. 'Come to Paxton's for new goods,' that's what he's put up. It's an insult—it means that our goods are old."

Fields looked around.

"Well," he said, "our stuff is pooty to'able seasoned, Louisa M." She wheeled about.

"We'll get new. We'll paint the store, and order a whole stock of everything. I'll go to the city myself and order what is necessary. I won't hev no one get ahead of you, pappy." Fields looked miserable, but it never occurred to him to make head against Louisa M. Ruin would doubtless be the issue of the reckless enterprise, but Fields was helpless.

"I'll show him how to do business," said Louisa M., standing erect, her nostrils dilated. Fields shook his head. He continued to shake it solemnly at intervals in the days that followed, when boxes and bales to his direction began to tumble off the boats which carried the Southern road's freight down the river. "Gittin' a move on yourself, eh, Uncle Jimmy?" suggested the village idlers, observing these signs of trade. But Fields' jaw only elongated the more, while his brow became a network of conflicting wrinkles.

It was remarked in open council at Paxton's store "that Uncle Jimmy Fields wasn't lookin' jest up to the notch."

"Mebby he misses that girl o' his'n," suggested some one. "She's away somers. He sets everythin' by that er Louisa M. Say, Paxton, I like to died that night at Wilson's dance when you ast for a cudrille, and she jest sized you up and says she's engaged fer every set!"

Lord, the look she give yeh! double barreled and self loadin! But say, Paxton, you oughtn't of give her the comfort of seein you make a home sneak on account of it."

Paxton's cheeks reddened. He was slight and tall, and his shoulders twitched a little.

"She has a right to pick her friends," he said. The other man strapped on a spur, his foot on his knee.

"Fields is paintin' his house," he said. "They tell that he's fixin' up inside too, Reckon Louisa M.'s been stirrin' him up."

After Louisa M.'s return the changes became more marked. Two shades of pea green illuminated the house without. Inside a new stove and a complete stock of dry goods invited the villagers. Even the window underwent a startling metamorphose from graveness and grime to gaudiness. When it was found that prices were happily in accord with all this enlivening prospect town sages remarked that "Uncle Jimmy, when it comes to rale tradin, can whip any young dozen o' Paxton's sort with one hand tied behind him."

Matters began to look dark for Paxton. Public favor is an uncertain thing, impermanent as the sudden rush of bloom on an apple bough in spring. Paxton's hour of blossoming seemed past. He thought often of removing to another town, but he had a certain sense of surrender in departure. He knew well enough that she was at the bottom of his overthrow—that daughter of Fields—that little gypsy faced creature, with her black silk locks. He could see the mockery in her oddly blue eyes, the scorn on her lips when she should hear that he had given up the battle.

She never spoke to him now. Since he painted advertisements on the fences she had not so much as looked at him in passing. But she could be gentle enough. Paxton remembered how pleasant she had been when he first came to town the year before looking for a place to establish himself. When he decided to stay it had been with more thought of Fields' daughter than of Fields. He had not thought of competition, but this had been thrust upon him before he considered what it meant. It meant every thing adverse, and after Paxton read this in the open disdain of Louisa M. he felt there was nothing for him but to go on and be successful, though success now had bitter dregs and broke in sharp, spiteful sparks at his lips.

One morning in May, Fields, surveying from his door the rocky hills, no longer rugged, but rounding with spring greenery to a virginal softness of curve, fetched a big sigh.

"Mebby it's only the time o' year," he speculated, "but somehow I don't feel jest right—spec'ly when I git to study in 'bout young Paxton."

Louisa M. gave the back of his gray head a glance of challenge. She was setting things to rights in the showcase, and she thrust a bone hairpin rather angrily into a bolt of ribbon.

"Why?" she exclaimed.

"We've run him too hard," said Fields uncomfortably. "A friend o' his named it to me yistiddy that he couldn't bolt out much longer. I feel this ways: I had my chance and he ought to hev had his. He hadn't no ill will to 'dese me. He was gittin' trade far and squar, and he could of kep' it off 'f he hadn't undersold him clab below cost prices. I feel ez mean and or'nry ez a fig dog that that sucks eggs. I ain't treated him white."

"Business is business," said Louisa M., shaking back her hair. She was a little thing in a gathered pink frock, but she looked to Fields as immutable as the anstere justice o' coin of the realm. Perhaps after all she was right, and he himself was swayed from judgment by a sort of bias tendency to see other folks comfortable. Fields resignedly modeled his big clay conceptions upon the tiny marble models of Louisa M.'s ideas, but somehow, though his unwieldy notions were grotesquely like the pattern; they were soft and unstable, and required constant bolstering into shape.

Though Paxton might be, as Louisa M. declared him, the evilest of Adam's blood, it hurt Fields to see the handsome young fellow going about the village with drawn face and downcast eyes.

"I'm a-losin' flesh!" he complained to his daughter. "That feller he's got away with my appetite. I'd rather go ragged ez a picked buzzard than keep this up. I'd feel a heap better, Louisa M., I mark that last lot o' calicoes up a little."

One person out of every seven in the United Kingdom is a depositor in the postoffice savings banks, which have nearly \$360,000,000 deposits.

but under his daughter's chastising eye he drew a flagging breath.

"You leave things to me," commanded Louisa M. "You don't know anything about business, pappy! We're only turnin' his own blade against Paxton. He deserves to fail! He came here a year back honeying around and never saying he was looking for a place to locate. I was nice to him. I used to talk to him free as air, never suspicioning he was aiming to do my own father up." Her voice choked. She had paled under her coppery skin, and her wet eyes were like violets that tremble open in a swart March bank.

Finally along toward summer the end came. Paxton assigned for the good of his creditors. A lawyer from Burksville came to take charge of things, and the steamboat landing was deserted, as men gathered in Fields' store to discuss the happening. The river was sinking and traffic was nearly suspended. Cows grazed on the sunburned pasturage of the lower hills. Tan colored hogs idled about the paveless streets, and children of corresponding tint of complexion played shrilly on the perilous river slope. "Waal, he's peared a likely young rooster."

"Yaas. Erthough I'm jest ez willin he busted Kentucky fer Kentuckians, says I, 'I'm a perfectionist's every time'—don't keer nothin' about the platform." Fields, listening to this acute philosophy, suddenly cut in, his broad face curiously sunken: "Confound it. I say, a fair chance fer every one."

He stopped to pad his brow with a bunched red handkerchief; his views shortened by two circumstances. He had remembered that Louisa M. was somewhere in the back of the store, and just then, too, the throng of men had opened to admit a young fellow who came across the porch at a run, his hat off.

"Say!" he panted, the exhilaration of bad news in his face, "why, say!—did any of yeh hear about Paxton? He's went to work and shot hisself. That feller from Burksville was talkin to a raft of us outside Paxton's store and we heard a rifle go off up steers in Paxton's room, and he tore up thar and busted in the door, and—Lord! wait till I get my breath!—I got it from Smith, the—"

There was a little sound behind the huddle of men—a sound like a sharp breath, and a clatter of tin and a heavier resonance.

In front of the molasses barrel an overturned quart measure and a long nosed funnel rolled on the bare floor in lessening arcs. Near by in the gloom of the inner apartment something had fallen, something which looked like a limp heap of pink calico and which, as Fields lifted it, trailed bloodied arms, its little neck letting the head back in a sickening way of lifelessness.

Outside the sunshine lacquered the river with a milky gleam. A delicious blueness misted distant hills, and near by Fields' store a bluejay flashed its wings, uttering rasping cries. Two men coming up the road were laughing as they sauntered along—one, an elderly person, mopping his face.

"You scared me out of a year's growth, just the same!" he said. "I knew you were down in the mouth, and when that shot rang out—I—well, I naturally thought you had done for yourself. I went up those stairs four steps at a time, shouting to those fellows below to run for a doctor."

Paxton gave rather a grim smile. "I believe you're disappointed that it was only a chicken hawk I was firing at!" he said. "Mrs. Wick had just called to me from the back yard toshout it. She's been missin' pullets lately."

"So you let go. Say, Paxton, something must be the matter down at Fields'. Look! Isn't that that Fields crossing the road? He's carrying—it looks like a woman!"

Fields lived opposite his store in a white cottage. Paxton, staring ahead, caught a vanishing glimpse of the old man's clumsy figure, his arms overflowing with the springlike freshness of Louisa M.'s gown.

"Hello!" said a fellow on the skirts of the little group of men at the store steps as Paxton strode forward. "Yeh ain't hurted, tho? What's thet? Oh, about Fields—why it's Louisa M. She's a little fainty, I believe. Some o' them fool boys kern in and blurted out about you bein—waal the boy only told what he heard—I don't blame him—but Louisa M., she jest swooned agin the merlasses bar'l, and Uncle Jimmy he—"

But Paxton was not listening any longer. He had crossed the road and gone up the little path to Fields' front door, and he had gone with so vague a premeditation that when Fields himself lumbered toward the threshold, a look of relief on his stolid face, the younger man could only stammer at the reason of his presence.

"They were telling me—of her—of your daughter—I wanted to ask"—after all he stopped feebly enough and let Fields fill out the sentence as he might. "She's all right now, thank y, Mr. Paxton," said Fields. "We got word at they wasn't no truth in them reports." He waved his hand behind him. "She's in thar."

Paxton had already seen her, the stern young foiler of his commercial prowess, sitting back in a rocking chair, her lips rather white, her eyelids drooping.

She managed to lift them as Paxton came into the room. She even held her hand out and glanced up at him just once. It was the merest half glance, but Fields, who chanced to be looking, had a queer unwonted sense of being startled.

He went out, his jaw speculatively set down.

"I wouldn't of believed," he pondered, "she could of looked that sugaried at the Angel Gabriel! I reckon I kin hev a gyarden now! They won't need me in the store. She's business, Louisa M. is!"

Eva Wilder McGlesson in Washington Post.

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BY THE FIRELIGHT.

It was evening. From where the sun had set rose a red glow melting softly into the cold, blue gray sky. The sky tint, but colder, bluer, harder in tone, was repeated in the line of mountains stretching away to the south. Among the shifting heaps of fallen leaves shone gleams of color, but the moss had turned to brown, and in the cold, windy evening the lately denuded trees seemed to shiver.

A woman came out of a pasture with a pail of milk in her hand. A slight wisp of a creature, her cotton gown hung limply about her thin form. She coughed as the wind struck her and coughed painfully, yet she lingered. She was too much of a child of nature to explain how the autumn days made her feel both forlorn and expectant, and yet was perhaps the more affected by the moods of the great mother not attempting to translate them into human needs. The clatter of hoofs made her turn slowly. One glance and her heart gave a leap, sending the warm color to her cheek. By the time the horseman had reached her the color was gone.

"Good evening. Does Uncle Billy Grimes live here?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you suppose he would be willing to put me up tonight?"

"I reckon. 'Light an I'll take your nag."

The gentleman hesitated as if his gallantry would not permit him to allow a woman to put up his horse, but, seeming to think better of it, thanked her, and taking his saddlebags, turned toward the house.

At the door he was met by an old woman, who, learning his wish, cordially made him welcome, offering him a seat by the side of the hearth, on which a great fire was burning. He tilted back on the short legged chair with the feeling of warmth and well being which followed a long, cold ride, and soon found himself gently slipping into the mood he had been trying all day to cultivate. This had been his home, and after half a lifetime spent away he had returned to the land of his childhood only to find the Carolina mountains less grand than others he had seen, and the simple life of the people, which in moments of sentiment he had remembered as idyllic, rough, uncouth and cheerless. He was too far removed from their life for sympathy, too close to feel the picturesque interest and pleasure of a real stranger. These people were more or less nearly related to him, yet they seemed another race of beings.

He had left his mountain home a mere boy and had gone west, where a new life opened for him. Something in his nature always made him reject what was coarse and vulgar, and when he became suddenly rich his native gentleness and simplicity of manner stood him instead of breeding and education, disarming criticism, till, with the quick perception and imitative faculty which were his birthright, he had largely repaired the deficiencies of his early training, acquiring much of the manner and tone of people of culture. Now he had come back and was a stranger in his own land.

But the bright firelight dancing on the wall illumined the rough interior of the farmhouse kitchen, and he began to feel less remote, less offended by the meanness of his surroundings. Memories of his childhood rose before him as he watched the young woman in her preparations for supper. She had mixed up the corn bread, and now knelt on the floor beside the hearth molding it into loaves and putting them into a large iron skillet. The firelight flashed on the tin pan, gave a ruddy glow to his thin face, and turned her dull, yellowish hair to red gold. As the stranger watched her something rose in his throat.

"Nancy!"

She turned suddenly.

"Chris!"

"I didn't know you at first."

"I reckon I've changed," she said sadly.

"Not so much. It was rather dark. It takes the firelight to make you look natural. But how came you here?"

"Uncle Billy married my aunt, and she wanted somebody ter help her, and I hadn't no home."

"Not married?"

"No." She picked up her pan and left the room.

"It cannot be she has waited all these years for me," he thought. "Of course not; such constancy is not to be found among women of her sort. How faded she is! These mountain folks, particularly the women, grow old early. Poor thing! I suppose she has had to work hard, and she never was very strong. Why, she can't be much older than Lois Ellison." He shuddered at the contrast. Miss Ellison was his partner's sister. They were the best of friends. He had proposed to her annually for the last five years, and yet they still remained friends. She treated him kindly and without coquetry and pleaded a prior attachment. As the other man was dead Chris waited and hoped.

Sometimes he had been tempted to doubt her reason for refusing him, but it only gave him pain, and he had always made it a rule never to doubt a lady's word. Circumstances had now and then obliged him to be false in this principle, but he had lived up to it when he could. His romantic fancy was touched by the constancy of the fair, cultivated woman of the world, but in this mountain girl such a sentiment seemed painfully incongruous. He knew too well that the position of an old maid here was one neither of honor nor profit.

Uncle Billy came in and greeted Chris with warmth, and they sat down to supper.

"So you've come back ter yer old home," began Uncle Billy. "Wher's yer companion?"

"I haven't any."

"Not got none?"

"No."

"Couldn't yer suit yerself out in California?"

"The girl I wanted didn't want me."

"I see. Well, yer ought ter ha' taken a wife w' yer. Taint ter late. We've some pretty gals here. (At this point Nancy, who had gone for a can of cherries, re-entered the room.) Yer reckon Sally Peters? Uster spark her, didn't yer? Well, she's got two gals as purt as their maw. Reckon one on 'em ood suit yer."

Chris looked up, caught Nancy's eye and frowned slightly. His own feeling responded to the look in her face. What to a real stranger might have been amusing jarred upon him.

After supper they sat around the fire talking of old times. Chris learned with a strange feeling of being under a spell that all the boys he remembered of his own age were either dead or had become grandfathers, yet he had not thought of growing old. Pretty soon Uncle Billy rose and said:

"I reckon me an my wife'll go ter bed. Nancy'll keep yer company," and he retired to the room beyond.

Chris sat looking into the fire. Nancy drew a chair near him. He was scarcely aware of her presence, his thoughts being far away. At last she spoke:

"I have waited long fur yer, Chris."

He started.

"Did you believe I would come?" he asked.

"Yes."

Vividly he recalled the moment when, a boy, he had bidden goodbye to a rosy cheeked girl. "Will you wait for me, Nancy?" he had said. "I'll come back and marry you some day." Idle words, containing more of feeling than resolve.

He had long forgotten, till the firelight reflected upon her face flashed into a dark corner of his brain, and it had all come back to him. He could say nothing, and she began to tell him of the long, weary years she had waited. She had no misgivings; among her own people she was accounted a simple creature. She knew nothing of the gulf separating her from her old sweetheart. He had not married, and he had come back as he said he would; that was enough for her.

He listened, pained but fascinated. Her speech, uncouth as it was, still had something of dignity in its old English form. He had not the heart to wound her with the truth. Most men would have thought such cruelty the truest kindness; a finer sense restrained him. Perhaps experience had taught him that a forlorn hope may be dearer than attainment. He realized that an illusion which has been growing up in a woman's heart for twenty years cannot be shattered at a blow without crushing the woman.

"Poor child," he said tenderly; she had been telling him of her loneliness.

"But you're here now, Chris."

She drew nearer him and laid her cheek against his arm with simple, childlike confidence. He started slightly. It seemed wrong to touch her, and yet if he put her away from him he would have to tell her why.

"This is an evening out of the old time, Nancy. You and I are a girl and boy again, do you understand?" he said putting his arm about her waist.

"Yes," she said, with a happy little laugh.

Soon he disengaged himself and arose, saying that he was tired and would like to go to bed. She went with him to his room, and before leaving him lifted her lips for a kiss. Again he hesitated, and stooping kissed her forehead. He went to bed, but not to sleep. The sense of the irreparable wrong he had done this girl burned into his heart, tender with its own pain. Wild thoughts of self immolation occurred to him, only to be checked by the conviction of its hopelessness. She would not be less lonely for him. They were utter strangers, for how little of the boy she had loved was left in the man, and how lost she would be in the world where he lived!

He rose early, and, going into the kitchen, found Mrs. Grimes dressing a chicken for breakfast. The old woman gave him a knowing look and remarked with a chuckle:

"Nancy's ben a-waitin fur yer a mighty while, an here yer air shur nuf."

"Did she tell you so?"

"No; I knowed hit 'thout her tellin me. She ain't like other folks, Nancy ain't; she's a sort o' fool body."

"I don't think so."

"Yer don't?"

"She doesn't seem strong. I'm afraid she works too hard."

"Us mounting folks all hev ter work. Nancy ain't stout. She's got the consumption, an the doctor says she can't live the winter out."

Chris was going to speak, but the woman's cold, hard face checked him.

"Who is yer doctor?" he said at last.

"Nobody yer know; a young feller—he ain't like Dr. Crain, he ain't; he's got larrin an knows what's the matter w' yer right off."

"What is his name?"

"Jim Banks. He lives in Wadeville."

Chris wrote down the name, and a plan began to form in his mind.

After breakfast he took his departure. As he was starting Nancy came up from the springhouse.

"Where air yer goin?" she asked in some alarm.

"Ter Cranberry."

"Yer'll come back?"

"Yes, some time."

She looked at him with a patient, trusting smile.

"Goodby! God bless you!" he said and rode away, wondering why it is that a strong and constant affection is so seldom mutual.

As he got on the cars at Cranberry a gay voice greeted him:

"Hullo, Warren! I'm right glad to see you!" It was a young drummer with whom Chris was pretty well acquainted. He, too, had been up in the mountains and was full of amusing stories, from which it soon appeared that he had been flirting outrageously with the mountain lassies.

"Look here, my boy," said Chris after a time, "let me tell you something. You can outlive all your early habits, you may outlive most of your friends, but you'll never outlive the promise you make a woman, and if you don't want to discover some day that you are an unmitigated scamp, you'd better make none that you don't mean to keep."

Lorraine Stanley in Washington Post.

SAN FRANCISCO & NORTH PACIFIC RAILWAY.

THE DONAHUE BROAD-GAUGE ROUTE.
COMMENCING SUNDAY, APR. 24, 1892, and until further notice, boats and trains leave from and arrive at the San Francisco Passenger Depot, Market-street Wharf, as follows:

From San Francisco for Point Tiburon, Belvedere and San Rafael.
WEEK DAYS—7:40, 9:20, 11:20 A. M.; 1:30, 3:30, 5:05, 6:20 P. M.
SUNDAYS—8:00, 9:30, 11:00 A. M.; 1:30, 3:30, 5:00, 6:15 P. M.

From San Rafael for San Francisco.
WEEK DAYS—6:25, 7:55, 9:30, 11:30 A. M.; 1:40, 3:40, 5:05, 6:30 P. M.
SATURDAYS ONLY—An extra trip at 6:30 P. M.

SUNDAYS—8:10, 9:40, 11:10 A. M.; 1:40, 3:40, 5:00, 6:25 P. M.

From Point Tiburon for San Francisco.
WEEK DAYS—6:50, 8:20, 9:55, 11:55 A. M.; 2:05, 4:05, 5:35, 6:55 P. M.
SATURDAYS ONLY—An extra trip at 6:55 P. M.

SUNDAYS—8:35, 10:05, 11:35, A. M.; 2:05, 4:05, 5:30, 6:50 P. M.

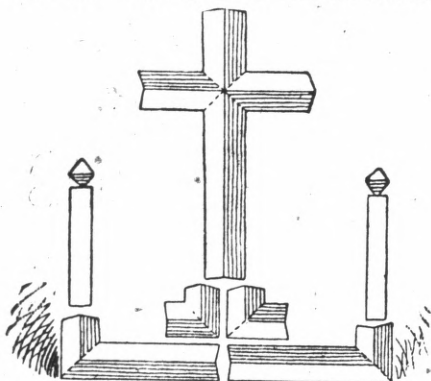
Leave San Francisco		Arrive San Francisco	
Week Days	Sundays	Week Days	Sundays
7:40 A.	8:00 A.	10:40 A.	8:5

THE PUZZLER

No. 370.—Transposition.

A mystic hush is everywhere,
One is the water, one the air,
You two in vain, no murmur comes,
Save far off, drowsy insect hums.
The twilight mist that closes round,
Seems softly muffling sight and sound,
In veils of orient tissue rare,
With threads of three shot here and there
The rising moon lights more and more
The winding four along the shore:
Far out a shifting, gleaming sail
Glides by, and leaves a shining trail.
What dreamy rapture of delight,
To sail away on such a night,
And enter harbor nevermore
Until we reach some unknown shore!
A fairy land it might be,
Beyond that misty, moonlit sea;
Who would not fly such hopes to win?
Oh, these mosquitoes! Let's go in.

No. 380.—An Ingenious Scissors Trick.



This is an entertaining elaboration of the ingenious trick of cutting out a cross with one cut of the scissors. The trick consists in taking an oblong piece of paper, about twice as long as it is wide, and so folding it that after making a single cut with the scissors the pieces thus obtained can be arranged to form a very good representation in miniature of a cross placed upon an altar and flanked by two lighted candles.

No. 381.—Diamond Within a Diamond.

o
o o o
o o o o o
o o o o o o
o o o o o
o o o
o

The first letter represents a consonant. The second horizontal of three, a word signifying "a fairy." "an elf." The third of five, a tree of the genus pinus, otherwise called the tamarack. The fourth of seven, "instruments to smooth land." The fifth of five, "large, flat bottomed boats." The sixth of three, a nocturnal bird. The seventh of one, a consonant.

The single letter of the enclosed diamond, a vowel. The row of three, "part of a circle." The row of five, "a missive weapon of offense, straight, slender, pointed and barbed." The row of three, a bovine animal. The single letter, a consonant.

No. 382.—Charade.

My first each morning greets the ear
With sweetest music, rich and clear;
My second with the rider's need,
To urge along his lagging steed;
While 'mid old fashioned flowers, maybe,
The petals of my whole you'll see.

No. 383.—Buried Trees, Plants, Flowers.

1. Don't you prefer a puppy to a kitten?
2. Will you have silk or crape on your dress?
3. I may be in time to prevent the catastrophe if I run all the way.

4. As I stood in the church porch I distinctly heard the preacher's voice.
5. Did you ever see a ship in full sail?
6. Though poverty may be considered as a bane, money is not necessarily its antidote.

7. When I see how he attends to his business I am not surprised at his success.
8. Does Eric love Rachel or Gertrude best?
9. A large moat surrounds the castle, which stands on a hill.

10. After a good night's rest he woke up as fresh as a lark.
11. If I grant your request you will owe me more than you suspect.
12. He must travel many weary miles before reaching his home.

Wise and Otherwise.

"Keep quiet, my friend, and don't kick," said the highwayman to the passenger. "Remember that contentment is better than riches."

Father Time says, "Here's a scythe for those who love me."
"I've had a good deal of trouble," said the milkman confidentially. "Yes," replied the cook; "I've noticed that even your milk has the blues."

Many a flying machine inventor has met with so far disappointment.
No crowd ever enters the field of man without caws.

There is generally music in the heir when he wakes at midnight.
There is one place where there is good shooting, and that is up among the stars. The weeping willow should be planted in tiers.

Key to the Puzzler.

No. 372.—Central Acrostic: Central letters, the alphabet. Crosswords: 1. coAst. 2. cAttle. 3. MaCaw. 4. seDan. 5. shEet. 6. waFer. 7. riGht. 8. otter. 9. quicK. 10. raJah. 11. piKed. 12. meLon. 13. hoMes. 14. wiNce. 15. grOpe. 16. upPer. 17. piQue. 18. coRal. 19. upSet. 20. alTer. 21. moUth. 22. noVel. 23. boWer. 24. boXer. 25. loYal. 26. raZor.

No. 373.—Double Diamond.

A A B C
U A B B C
G A B B C
N G A B B C
I L E T S
L E T S
G E L L
G N L E
N I P E
T E S N T

No. 374.—Word Changes: Spinnet.

No. 375.—Single Word Rebus: Miscellaneous.

No. 376.—Rhyming Numerical: Potentate.

No. 377.—A Geographical Letter:

My DEAR CAROLINE—My sister Florence and I in the spring went to stay with my aunt Isabella and uncle James. He gave us each a guinea. When we came home again my aunt gave us each a pretty coral necklace. My cousins Melville and Sydney are coming to see us next Christmas. We are without a cook, so are rather busy. With love and kind regards to Charles. From your affectionate friend, ROSE NELSON.

No. 378.—Buried Names of Trees: Larch.

Teak. Maple. Cypress. Syringa. Ash.

TITLES OF ENGLISH WOMEN.

Distinctions That May Seem Rather Complicated to an American.

It is little wonder that foreigners bungle over our titles as they do, when in our own public speeches and newspapers it is often made plain that many do not understand how to use English titles.

For instance, a marquis' daughter who married a man without a title keeps the title of "lady" and her own Christian name and adds to these the husband's surname.

Thus, when Lady Evelyn Fitzmaurice, the daughter of the Marquis of Landsdowne, married Mr. Victor Cavendish she became Lady Evelyn Cavendish; but the London dailies spoke of "Lady Victor Cavendish's going away dress."

The only case in which a lady of title is called by her husband's Christian name as well as his surname is in the case of the wives of the younger sons of dukes and marquises.

These men bear courtesy titles of "lord" before their Christian names and surnames, as Lord George Hamilton, Lord Charles Beresford, and so on, and the only correct way of addressing or speaking of their wives is the same way, putting "lady" in the place of "lord."

To call the wives of younger sons Lady Hamilton, Lady Beresford, or whatever is the surname, without the male Christian name, is as incorrect as to call Lady Evelyn Cavendish by her husband's full name.

On the other hand, the wife of a baronet or of a knight is "lady," with his surname alone after it.

Confusion grows in many minds from the fact that any peeress (under the rank of a duchess) is also spoken of, and to, by her equals as merely "Lady So-and-so"—the name added, however, not being the family name, but the title of the husband.

Thus no equal would say, "I saw the Marchioness of Salisbury" or "There is the Countess of Lathom," it would be Lady Salisbury and Lady Lathom.

A duchess, the highest rank in the peerage, is the only peeress who escapes this equality of title in the everyday language of her equals in society. She is never called "lady" only, but is spoken of as "the Duchess of So-and-so" in full always, and is addressed in conversation by her friends as "duchess," the name of the peerage not added.

Moreover, every other lady of title, from a knight's wife (which is not a real title), right away up to a marchioness, is equally "my lady" to her social inferiors.

Sir John Smith's wife is Lady Smith. The wife of Lord John Smith, who is a peer's younger son, is Lady John Smith, and if you know her on terms of equality you may call her Lady John, but never Lady Smith. Lady Mary, daughter of either the earl or the marquess, or the duke of somewhere, and the wife of Mr. John Smith, is Lady Mary Smith; call her Lady Mary if she seems friendly, but not Lady Smith or Lady John Smith.

The wife of Lord Smith, or the earl or the marquess of Smithville, you may call Lady Smith or Lady Smithville, as the case may be, but if Smithville is a duke on no account call his wife Lady Smithville.

If you think that she will not snub you as too familiar, you may call her simply "duchess." You may say, "Duchess, may I get you some tea?" for example. But till you know her well, or feel on quite friendly terms, it had better be, "Will your grace take a cup of tea?"

Finally, the oddest thing of all, if fate should make you acquainted with a prince or princess of the blood royal, you will seem very second rate if you keep saying, "your royal highness."

You must say "sir" and "ma'am." Not, if you please, "madam," but "ma'am," as your housemaid says to your own meek better half, Mrs. Smith. Even a duchess calls a princess "ma'am."—London Letter.

Intermarriage in Eurasia.

There is no remote chance of Eurasia ever being reabsorbed by either of its original elements; the prejudices of both European and natives are far too vigorous to permit of much intermarriage with a people who are neither one nor the other. Occasionally an up country planter, predestined to a remote and "jungly" existence, comes down to Calcutta and draws his bride from the upper circles of Eurasia—this not so often now as formerly. Occasionally, too, a young shipman with the red of Scotland fresh in his cheeks is carried off by his landlady's daughter, while Tommy Atkins finds a comparatively easy prey.

The sight of a native with a half caste wife is much rarer, for there Eurasian as well as native antipathy comes into operation. The whole conscious inclination of Eurasian life, in habits, taste, religion and most of all in ambition, is toward the European and away from the native standards.—Sara J. Duncan in Popular Science Monthly.

Virus and Venom.

The difference between venom and a virus is very marked. Both are poisons, and both of organic origin, but a venom is produced in secreting organs, commonly called poison glands, and is introduced into the system by means especially adapted for the purpose, such as stings or fangs. On the other hand, a virus is the result of disease or putrefaction, and generally possesses the property of exciting in the system into which it is introduced the disease which produced the virus. A virus commonly produces little, if any, local disturbance; a venom generally causes great pain, often severe inflammation and swelling. Venom has a marked local effect; virus causes a general disturbance of the system.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Large Doses.

Fortieth Friend (since breakfast)—By Jove, old fellow, you've got a fearful cold. What are you taking for it?

Sufferer (hoarsely)—Advice.—New York Weekly.

TWOWAYS OF WOOLING

Stoop and pick up a handful of shells from that broad path which you have been mistakenly regarding as a gravel walk. If you are one of the learned ones of the earth those small mollusks may teach you that you are near the shores of the Gulf of Mexico, and, for aught that I know of such matters, may inform you that you are on the coast of the state of Mississippi.

Now, if you add the pursuit of literature to that of science, look well around you; for here that most valuable literary raw material, local color of the southern type, has been most lavishly poured out. Here are magnolias, oleanders and all other southern trees and shrubs. There, in that arch of confederate jasmine, two mocking birds have their habitat. They have been fighting since daybreak with every living thing that has approached them; but you need not put that in your article.

Behind you is a broad galled, deep roofed mansion of the most approved antebellum architecture, and before you is the bluest water in the world—crede me experto who have seen the Adriatic and the Caribbean seas. Its beauty is marred by long dilapidated piers, but you will not complain of them when the mosquitoes swarm in from the Louisiana marshes and drive you out into the sea breeze.

From where you stand you can see through the great hall of the house, quite through to where the pine forest stands out against the sky. It was not many months ago that a party of three—to me at that time a most interesting party—made that hall their assembly room and temple for their household gods. Indeed, it was often their battleground, for in the long leisure of summer days the coating of conventionality in talk wears rather thin, and behind that coating are often concealed the most startling beliefs in persons of the most unimpeached respectability. At such times the sole male member of the trio was apt to begin the discussion with smooth appeals to experience, policy and knowledge of the world, which happened to be his particular divinities, and like other priests of Baal, he sometimes appealed long, loudly and in vain.

It was after one of the longest and warmest of these debates that all three sat ostensibly deep in their morning's mail. John Dunn, the lone champion of the commonplace, tore through a small pile of letters with an air of mysterious importance, which he had been early taught it was necessary to assume in order to attain business success. As he had attained that great and noble desideratum, and in no small degree, he might be fairly credited with a knowledge of the necessary methods. One of his fair antagonists, Constance Alston, who had played a heated, enthusiastic and altogether minor part in the discussion, had forgotten the whole matter in a bulky letter addressed in a broad masculine hand.

Presently she looked up. "What's today—the day of the month I mean?" she asked. And then, without waiting for an answer: "Fifteenth, sixteenth, seventeenth. They will be here today. He writes that he will be here tomorrow—that is today of course; and he is going to bring a friend with him." She buried herself again in the letter and emerged with further intelligence: "His friend's name—I am not sure how to pronounce it, Alice," she said, turning to her cousin, the last of the trio, with a mischievous look, "how do you pronounce B-a-a-l?"

If her object was to create either surprise or confusion on the part of her cousin the attempt was a flat failure, for that young lady answered imperturbably: "Bell of course. You know the name well enough. You can hardly have forgotten him since last winter."

"Was he a Johns Hopkins man—a fellow?" asked Dunn with interest.

"Yes, we knew him at Baltimore," answered Alice.

"Well, he's stopped all that," said Dunn, presumably referring to the pursuit of knowledge by means of fellowships. "One of his rich relatives died this spring, and he's pretty well fixed."

"I suppose we know all about him now," said Alice, a trifle wearily, and rising she strolled out to the edge of the wide gallery, where she stood pensively looking out, a clear cut figure against the blaze of light from without.

"That's a graceful picture," said Constance warmly.

"Yes, she's a very pretty young girl," answered Dunn indifferently. He proved the genuineness of his indifference by carrying on a very abstracted conversation with Constance for a few moments, and then wandering out with a careful indifference to where Alice stood.

To a sensitive man the manner in which he was received would have been equivalent to a verbal denunciation as an unpleasant interruption, but Mr. Dunn's many enemies attributed much of his success to his seldom making such discoveries.

Half a day later and Constance and her correspondent had resolved themselves into a faint splash of oars and a murmur of voices scarcely audible from the pier where Alice was burdened with an embarrassing wealth of companionship. The willow learned fellow was not obtrusively apparent in a quiet young man leisurely half reclining in the bow of a small skiff of which Alice held the oars. Dunn stood upon the steps leading down to the water, looking despondently at a dark gap between himself and the boat.

"I can't bring the boat any closer on account of these posts," said Alice.

"You can't drown anyhow," she added scornfully.

The Persians, I believe, have a saying that contempt will pierce through the shell of a tortoise. Dunn made the attempt with the success which usually attends leaps in the dark. There was a sudden movement of the skiff, which in his cooler moments he attributed solely to his awkwardness. For as he stood a moment later dripping and wrathful upon the steps, he had sundry unpleasant

ant suspicions, mainly due to a faint reminiscence of something unaccountable in that sudden slipping away of the boat from under him.

But a moment's reflection convinced him that it was absurd to suppose that any one should wish to be rid of his society, and even in the most improbable event he felt sure that not even so young a lady as Miss Alston would resort to such an undignified, childish and altogether improper method. The disappearance of these disagreeable suspicions was of course aided by the sincerest regret and sympathy, expressed in a voice which would have made the fortune of an orator or an actress.

"Of course that ends our rowing," said Alice decidedly. "Mr. Beall can go to the house with you, and I will row out and find Constance and Mr. Alexander."

But Dunn, now thoroughly appeased and not over anxious for unsympathetic male companionship in his rather absurd condition, demurred emphatically. How the conclusion was reached he never exactly understood, but somehow after considerable argument and protestation he found himself damped on his way toward the house, while Miss Alston and Mr. Beall had departed on what seemed to him an utterly useless search for the remaining members of the party.

The two rowed on in silence until the sound of Mr. Dunn's creaking steps had died away, then Beall broke the silence by an ineffectual offer to change his seat to the stern.

"This seat is far enough aft to balance the boat," said Alice, with unconscious technicality. "And you may upset her moving about. We don't want any more accidents. I am sorry Mr. Dunn fell over," she added, after a slight pause.

If she smiled her face was turned away from Beall and he could not see its expression. "I like him very much," she continued.

"So do I," said Beall, with bitter, youthful irony. "I like his high ideals, and his modest truthfulness, and his culture—don't you?"

"He is my guest," responded Alice coldly.

Beall might have replied that, considering the recent occurrence, her ideas of hospitality were extremely recent and a trifle suspicious. But having no absolute proof of the cause of that happy accident he refrained, and simply asked: "He has another claim to your consideration, hasn't he?"

Alice disclaimed equivocation. "I suppose," she said, "you mean to ask whether the report of my engagement to him is true."

Beall briefly assented.

"And by what right?" she asked.

"I had the right once," he said sadly.

"Suppose we do not talk about what you once had," said Alice. "You didn't seem to care much about it then."

This startling perversion of the facts bewildered Beall too much for any attempt at defense. He could only ask once more for an answer to his question.

"And if I told you," said Alice, "I suppose you would do as you did on a similar occasion once before—threaten to do something desperate, and then not do it. And I should be so disappointed."

Beall took this rather aggravating remark rather good naturedly. "No; I've learned something since then," he said.

"I wished to know about this simply because if you are not engaged to Mr. Dunn I have an important piece of news to tell you."

"I suppose you will pardon my saying that I don't take as much interest as most persons in important pieces of news," said Alice. "But it is due to Mr. Dunn for me to tell you that the report is true."

"Then," replied Beall, "I can tell you my news. But if you don't mind I would rather not tell it to the back of your head." So saying he calmly took possession of half of the rowing seat.

"What I wished to tell you," he continued, "is that I am going to be married in a few months."

"You started. You are! And to whom?"

"That's just the difficulty," he said contentedly. "I've arranged everything else satisfactorily. My business affairs are all right—right enough for me to marry seven or eight girls if the law permitted. I've thought of everything else. I haven't spoken to the different people, but I suppose there will be no trouble. The only problem is, as you suggest, about the bride. So I came over here to ask you to occupy that position."

Alice turned suddenly. "Mr. Beall," she said, "this is a most unpleasant form of joke."

"It isn't a joke at all," he answered lightly. "You laughed at my vehemence and romance about such things once before, so I thought I would try a story you would like. But, on my honor, I never was more in earnest in my life."

Alice drew the blade of her oar slowly through the water for a moment. There was no reason in the world why she should refuse a proposal made in this cool, confident and irritating manner. So, like a woman, she answered finally, "What I suppose it would be a pity to break up your arrangements."

As Beall sat late that night in Mr. Alexander's room enjoying to the utmost the bitter end of a long black cigar, he said charitably, "Now there's Dunn—I don't think he's such a bad sort of fellow after all."

Alston looked up in humorous surprise from the valise he was packing. "Why," he exclaimed, "you said this morning on the train that you had spent long days in wondering how Dunn had escaped the penitentiary."

"On this morning," answered Beall. "To tell you the truth, old man, I wasn't feeling very well this morning."—Harper's Weekly.

Drug Store Coffee. Customer (at soda fountain)—Have you any coffee flavor? Clerk (or-ki-ky)—Yes, sir.

"Does it taste like coffee?" "Um—er—no, but it looks like coffee—perfect picture of it, sir."—New York Weekly.

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MARY JANE.

I have thought of getting married
When I've seen thee, Mary Jane,
With thy dainty silks and satins,
With thy petticoat and train.
But a whisper came across me,
Like a sign with omen rife—
"Ah, 'tis very well to marry,
But, oh! what thou keep a wife?"

If the last new bodice suits thee,
Canst thou wear it still the same,
Though a newer pattern tempt thee,
Lately handed down to fame?
Will a dress or two content thee
When stern fashion orders more,
And a solitary headress do
Instead of half a score?

But they tell me I am raving
To expect so strange a thing.
And they laugh to scorn my musings
And the hopes to which I cling.
So I fear I must resign thee
And a bachelor remain,
Yet I never can forget thee,
Oh, too costly Mary Jane!

—London Figure.

HIS STRAIGHT TIP.

The Hon. Tommy Arden had never known a day's luck since he married the sweetest and the best girl in the world. He had been a sad rake in a quiet fashion, and had lived in the best possible way for as long as any of the youngsters could remember. Nobody quite knew how he had done it, and nobody particularly cared. He was always well dressed, always well shaved and brushed up, always rode in the best hansoms, always dined at the Cafe Royal with somebody, and went everywhere. "Everywhere" meant the Empire till closing time, afterward one smart dance, and then a flash club—he made a point of never going to a respectable club after dinner.

In the summer he always took a turn in the row; was seen in the lobby of the opera during an act; was generally to be met at Sandown and Kempton, and occasionally at Ranelagh on Sundays; strolled about the lawn at Cowes during the regatta week, and in the off season was never seen, but said he was "shooting in the north till I run over to Ostend for a flutter."

Where he lived was known to no one. On what he lived was known only to individuals separately to whom he said he had the devil's own luck. This did not mean he made a book, or if it did it was false, but the general impression was that he knew the inside of everything, and that if he were not so scrupulous about secrets and would only let his friends stand in on his own. His own explanation was that he never made a bet unless he "knew something," and that was how he always won. The result was that his advice was always asked, and when he gave it always followed. The real truth was that the Hon. Tommy had never made a bet in his life.

When he married he gave it all up. He was truly attached to his wife and abandoned everything for her. He was no more seen at music halls and flash clubs, and he dined at home and never went out alone afterward. Everybody thought it would all come right, as they called it, in six months; but it did not, and to the surprise of everybody Tommy got shabbier and shabbier in appearance, and was seen on omnibuses and in the underground railway and other inexpensive and bourgeois places. The result was his former friends said he had married a shrew, and that he would kick over the traces some day.

The truth was Tommy was in love with his wife, and she was never so happy as in his company, and nothing was so repellant to him as his old associates and his old ways. But virtue is its own reward, and the reward of virtue which the Hon. Tommy experienced was a perpetual shower of county court summonses, for his commissions for recommending stock brokers, advertisements, wine merchants, tailors, pictures and other recognized forms of livelihood by which he had tried to earn what he called a respectable living had not proved very remunerative.

Things had arrived at this pass when the brokers were put in for two quarters' rent. During the five days allowed by law Tommy had flown about to try and collect the commissions due to him, with which to pay the fifty pounds that was so expedient to the quieting of his blue eyed and brown haired little wife, who, though sadly troubled, had taken his word for it that it would be "all right." His efforts were almost in vain, and he went to see the agent "to explain the situation" and ask for time. He was lucky in only seeing a sympathetic clerk, who kindly pointed out to him that he was entitled by law to an annuity of fifteen days. In his joy at learning this he confided his position to Mrs. Tommy, who in her own sweet way, believing absolutely in her own love and the love of her husband, said:

"But why bother, Tommy, darling, trying to earn the money?"

"How else can I get it, my dear girl?"

"Oh, why not bet as you used to do? They all say you are so clever and have such luck; I am sure you would win it all in next to no time."

"Oh, I have given up all that sort of thing, and hate it more than I can tell you. It is not to be thought of in connection with you."

"Oh, nonsense, Tommy! You must not let me ruin you; and I am sure all the very best people bet. Horse racing is a noble sport; and, though you never confess it to me, you must have made a lot of money at it."

"My dear child, it can't be done now."

"I do not know how, or I would go and win you a fortune. How do you bet?"

"I don't bet!"

"Don't be silly! How used you to bet? I always wanted to know. Doesn't the bookmaker lay against all the horses?"

"Yes."

"And do you back all the horses?"

"Good heavens! No, if you did that how could you win?"

"Why? The bookmaker lays against all the horses, and he always wins, doesn't he?"

"Yes, the bookmaker always wins."

"Well, then, if you follow the same rule and back all the horses, you are sure to win with one of them?"

"My dear child, no woman ever could understand betting, and I am sure, of all women in the world, I have no desire that you should."

"But if you won't bet yourself, why not give others the benefit of your experience? You know everybody, and I am sure that they would be glad to pay you a commission if they won—which would be better than being robbed out of commissions by wine merchants."

The Hon. Tommy changed the subject, but, oddly enough, he lay awake all night thinking over the last words of his little wife in connection with her strange ideas about how to win money by backing all the horses. The next morning he did not refer to the subject, but staid away from business and occupied his entire day by making out lists of his rich racing acquaintances and compiling elaborate calculations. Toward evening he went out and bought a betting book, into which he carefully copied the result of his work. This done, he read it all over and smiled. He then closed the book, ate his dinner comfortably, retired to bed early and slept like a top.

The next day he was out and about betimes, but instead of once more dunning his customers for the commissions which they owed him, he paid a visit to all the starting price bookmakers, asking the price of one horse at each place, making an entry in his book mysteriously, and chatting with such of the habitués as he was acquainted with. He lunched at the Cafe Royal, where he met more friends with whom he discussed the day's fixtures, nodded his head ominously and smiled knowingly, and when pressed to express an opinion said, "I can't say," and when one young sportsman offered to take a horse against his, said:

"My dear boy, the first rule of racing is that you cannot bet if you know—and I know."

His virtuous disinclination to take on the youngsters did not prevent his friends, when he turned up at the Empire, from saying that Tommy had had a good day—more especially as to every one who had lost or won he said, "I could have told you as much, only I was bound not to say a word to a soul." During all that week the Hon. Tommy pursued very much the same tactics, merely remarking over night, when the results were known, "If you like to let me stand in a couple of hundreds I will let you know a good thing for Kempton on Saturday, provided you give me your sacred word of honor never to breathe my name as your informant whether it comes off or not, as I have grave reasons which you must not ask me to explain."

Anybody who knows the fashionable sporting world will readily believe that so trifling a condition was readily complied with.

Before Saturday came round all those who had consented to pay Tommy £200 in the event of his tip coming off, and had pledged their solemn oaths never to divulge his name as their informant, were duly placed in possession of a name with the following sage counsel:

"The way you chaps lose your money is by going to every race meeting, by backing a horse in every race, and by putting your pals on, and thus spoiling the market when you really do know anything good. Now look at me! I always win money at racing."

"I have done so steadily for years, but I never go near a meeting unless I know something, and I never have a sixpence on more than one race, whether I win or lose, and I keep my own counsel. You are the only man I have given this tip to, and, to be quite frank, the only reason I do so is because I cannot get any more money on without spoiling the market; and I am pledged to my informant not to personally back the horse for more than a certain sum or the bookmakers would tumble, and if the stable were foreclosed I should never get the office again. It is by not being discreet that fellows spoil themselves, and if I were to knock the betting about it is as likely as not that they would pay me out by lumbering me on to a wrong 'un next time, and as I have never taken the knock I don't want to start now."

This very excellent advice was given to some thirty-six of the Hon. Tommy Arden's best and most "oofy" sporting friends. There were six races on the following Saturday at Kempton, of which some thirty horses started. It would be superfluous for the purposes of this story to give the names of the horses, their ages, weights or the names of their riders. All that remains to say is that the Hon. Tommy Arden had £200 to nothing on every horse that started.

Needless to say, only six horses won. With thirty of his friends Tommy has consoled and said something about "the luck of the devil." With six of his friends, who believe in him as a prophet ever after to be followed blindly, he has rejoiced—more especially on the Monday, when they each handed him a check for £200, making in all £1,200, with which he paid out the brokers as he had promised the agent.

It is due to his sagacity to say that the Hon. Tommy Arden only plays this game three times in each year. Other men would make more greedy. Tommy only makes some £4,000; but he is contented with this, as he has the love and respect of his charming wife, who is one of the prettiest and best dressed women in town. In each year he also makes some eighteen fast friends of the men to whom he has given the straight tip which has come off. The others, Tommy consoles himself by saying, have as good a chance as any one else, and they all have their turn sooner or later.

There are a few who, after two or three experiences of Tommy's straight tips, have become slightly colder toward him; but Tommy makes no fuss. He pays them out by quietly leaving them out of the next "good thing," for the simple reason that there are always other good men coming on, all of whom he makes it his business to cultivate.—St. James Budget.

A PAIR OF TROUSERS.

A GARMENT THAT DRIFTED AROUND THE NORTH POLE.

A Lost Pair of Nether Coverings Belonging to a Sailor Has Mapped Out for Daring Explorers a Route Through the Most Northern Seas.

The history of a pair of trousers that have been around the north pole, according to scientists' theories, enlivened the subject of the arctic problem, as handled by Professor Angelo Heilprin before a large gathering of Geographical club members at the Century club's hall. The garments, it seems, were the property of a sailor who accompanied an expedition to the north by way of Behringsea. How the pair got into the current prepared to set in some distance above the rigid line did not appear, but Professor Heilprin described the way in which it traveled far after day, as geographers believe, far to the impenetrable north, swept around the pole, crossed it perhaps, until it entered the northern ocean boundary of Greenland and came down its snow lined coast into the comparatively beaten track that made its discovery easy.

The professor illustrated his remarks with a map of Greenland thrown on a canvas from a stereopticon, one of the first correct geographical representations of that icy land perhaps ever made. With a long cane he traced the progress of the sailor's trousers from point to point, triumphantly establishing in the opinion of many learned men the theory of a current sweeping in a circular path through the arctic regions.

Professor Heilprin went on to tell of an expedition that will start from Norway, and followed as far as possible in the wake of the sailor's nether garments, the idea being that the waters will carry the ship almost without guidance clear to and around the north pole. The vessel is to be built with a view to an effective resistance of the crushing effects of great ice masses. Another expedition will set out with the same objective point in view, but by a different route. The way pointed out by Parry in 1829, by way of the northeastern coast of Spitzbergen, will be traversed, and Professor Heilprin was inclined to think that Parry's views of the proper way to get to the north pole were sound.

The chief result of Peary's work—from a geographical standpoint—the lecturer declared, was the final settlement of Greenland's northern boundary. The territory has at last been proven to be an island. Its most northern expanse, moreover, is not covered with ice and snow. Politically it is a man's land from a short distance above the seventy-third parallel clear to its topmost line. A race of arctic highlanders inhabits this independent region, and these people are believed to be the most northern tribe in point of location on the earth's surface and also the least numerous—233 souls in all. They are a most honest and attractive people.

Professor Heilprin defended the north pole expeditions from the attack made upon them by those who declare they are of no practical utility. Not only had they the romantic interest attaching to attempts to attain the mysteriously evanescent, but their benefits to science and general knowledge have been considerable. The Peary expedition had not for its object the reaching of the north pole, but the establishment of Greenland's northern boundary. Its results, in the language of an eminent man of science, dwarfed all other expeditions of the kind.

With reference to Greenland's interior the theory has existed, based upon the deductions of a Swedish explorer, that an oasis existed there. This oasis was declared to be entirely free from snow and ice, and to form what might be a habitable spot, with perhaps the characteristics of advanced human life. This theory, however, was but Alexander von Humboldt's theory restated, based upon observations of the altitudes of mountains. This theory, so far as the island of Greenland is concerned, is now found to be fallacious upon demonstration that cannot be questioned.

The experiences of whaling vessels, which during the last century penetrated far to the north beyond the known limits of the Arctic regions and found an open sea with very little trace of ice, were considered by Professor Heilprin. He considered the accounts quite accurate, contrary to the belief of many others, and thought that climate conditions may have changed in the frozen regions during the last 100 years.

The professor was inclined to think the discovery of the north pole but a comparatively few years off.—Philadelphia Press.

The Economical Mule.

The mule is ready to begin work two or three years earlier than the horse. He can be put to pretty heavy pulling when he is 3 years old, and from that time until he is 40, if he has fair treatment and does not meet with an accident, he is not likely to lose any time. He is not subject to the many ailments to which the horse is a victim, at least not to any great degree. He lives about twice as long as his actual period of usefulness is nearly three times as long, for the horse is really not fit for heavy service until he is 5 years old, or after he is 20, while a mule will often do good service for forty years, and they have been known to work fifty, according to one writer, without being turned out at any time during all that long period.

Like the ass, the mule will live upon next to nothing, and during all his forty years of hard service a mule will not require—and generally does not get—half the feed necessary to sustain a horse during his much shorter period of usefulness. Jack will thrive on what is often here contemptuously called "cow hay"—wild dried grasses—with a handful or two of corn, and on such food will outwork a horse of his own weight fed upon good wheat hay and crushed grain.—San Francisco Call.

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